

# The TATLER

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# The TATTLER

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LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY

*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

A recent portrait of the younger of the Viscountess of Ipswich's two daughters. The late Lord Ipswich was killed in action in 1918 and the late Duke of Grafton was succeeded by his kinsman Charles Alfred Euston, son of the late Rev. Lord Charles FitzRoy. Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy is a sister of the late Duke, who was the grandson of the 8th in the line. Lady Mary is well known with the Grafton, which pack used to be called the Duke of Grafton's and is now hunted by Lord Hillingdon



## And the World said —



Elwin Neame

## VISCOUNTESS MALDEN

A very good likeness of Mr. and Mrs. F. Gibson Ward's daughter who married the son and heir last March. Viscount Malden's father and stepmother now live near Salisbury and Lord Essex has become a keen farmer, breeding Red Polls and Suffolk Punches

OH! I DO like to be beside the seaside when the side is Deauville in a delicious heat-wave and the sea 70 deg. in the sun. Other great minds think likewise, hence the necessity for staking a claim to a square foot of sand in front of the Bar du Soleil. There are no square yards left "to feu," as the Normans taught the Scots to say, and tents cost a gangster's ransom. Lord Illingworth has one. He is the weather prophet of the plage. When asked if the fine spell will last he eyes the skies from beneath a beret which owes more in form to the Tanks than the Basques and says: "Of course—anyway, until luncheon." A northcountryman, he is both optimistic and cautious. Lady Illingworth, whose long plaits are a nice change from long bobs, has a bathing suit for every day of the week, but she does not swim, preferring to splash about within sight of land. Those who insist on getting out of their depth (and there are a great many dashers at Deauville) must wade a league or so towards Havre accompanied by a vigilant rowing boatman in a red sweater, who toots his brass trumpet when they wallow out of bounds. There is no danger and the mortality among



Miss Compton Collier

## MRS. MAKGILL-CRICHTON-MAITLAND AND FAMILY

This agreeable at-home photograph was taken at The Island House, Wilton, near Salisbury, where Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Mark Makgill-Crichton-Maitland and their children David, Peggy and Michael, live. Mrs. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland is the second of Sir Gerard Fuller's four attractive sisters. Her husband, who used to be a Grenadier, is a Member of the Royal Company of Archers and also one of H.M.'s Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms



Paterson

## SAILING ROUND SCOTLAND

Captain and Mrs. Kingsley Foster aboard their home-made craft, *Daydream*, in Inverness-shire waters. Their ambition is to make the grand tour of Scotland, after which Captain Foster's military duties take him back to Cairo. He is Adjutant of the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers and son of a former C.O. of the 2nd Battalion

waders cannot compete with Biarritz, but swimmers are so well regimented that the lightest toot sends them back into line. Lord Michelham, the ace of mimics, has learnt to ape the boatman's toot to a T, and it is his delight to clear the seas of unsuspecting swimmers, while Charon, roused to action by this encroachment on his duties, blasts back at his Lordship, who, seal-like, slips beneath the briny and pretends to be Cecil Latta until the chase dies down.

Deauville has had three increasingly good seasons, this being the best, the notabilities on the spot including "Porchie," the golfer; "Strassie," the Viel-Castels, the Alfred Parkers (he has a new dressing gown and she the nicest plum straw), the Dudley Gilleys, the Kingsley Maccombers (Mrs. Macomber has given up knitting in her box at the races—too bad!); the Marquis ("Jules") de San-Sauveur, whose hands are full with Lady Granard's horses, plus Lord Derby's; the Vicomte, who answers to "Pom-Pom" here and in Palm Beach; the great beauty, Madame Revel; the Marchesa di Sommi-Piccardi with her parasol; the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge, with a different dress and a different winner every afternoon; the "Bengy" Guinnesses; the good-looking young Garcia Calvos



in Señor Unzué's box, Mr. Delmé-Radcliffe, an air commuter, making for the Jockey Club stand; and, arriving late after lunching at the Presbytère, Commander "Phil." de Crespigny. I can strongly recommend the food at the Presbytère, but as it is not a new restaurant but a very old villa this advice is not helpful. An introduction to Colonel and Mrs. Kuznik, delightful Americans, or to her father, the genial "Gus" Spreckles, who has a drawing-room story for every day of the year, will get you in. They are hospitable and simple. Norman pottery, not gold plate. Maids in Norman dress for flunkys and the table set in the orchard, in dappled shade with a tapestry-like view towards Deauville. The house is a series of converted cottages, the ancient stables making a handsome kitchen, and one outhouse being fitted up as an antique shop—till, counter and all. Here the hostess has arranged the "ids and eds" collected on her travels, which seems a solution of the problem created by the feminine urge to collect junk and the masculine aversion to cluttering up the house with same.

Ap\*art from the annuals, hardier here than at any resort except Newport (some are middle-aged grandchildren of Second Empire pioneers), the air service is bringing new faces from clubs and counties. Colonel Harold Green, who belongs to more race clubs than any near-Londoner, has brought his wife but not their débutante, for whom Cornwall was considered a more complete rest cure. The Greens' house-parties at Ascot are notable for the blend of generations and for general *bonhomie*. They get an unrivalled close-up of the Royal Procession as it passes their garden wall and have built two stands from which Queenshillites cheer lustily before returning to strawberries and cream. The "Gerry" Wellesleys, she looking more like a modern Gibson girl than ever; Mrs. "Libby" Ffennell and Lady Worthington, both very well turned out; Lord Newborough and his daughter; Mr. Selfridge, "Steve," the "Laddie" Sanfords and Mrs. "Archie" Campbell—all three bound for Hungary armed with guns. ("Dotty" is wearing the quaintest beehive hat, useful if there should be a swarm); the Robert Watsons, Lord Bective, staying with the Paul Dubonnets; Lord Brougham dancing with his wife: Pierre Wertheimer, Bobby Loewen-



CUBBING AFOOT IN SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE

Mrs. E. G. W. W. Harrison, wife of the Joint Master of the South Oxfordshire, and Mr. J. Clerke-Brown, who is in the Oxfordshire and Bucks Light Infantry, in Garsington Hayes at 5.30 a.m., an hour at which the midges do not as a rule wake up. Fox and family, however, are just about going home at that time



THE RECENT GUN-DOG LEAGUE TRIALS

A recent snapshot on Glenbervie Moors of Lord Henniker, who is President of the International Gun Dog League, and Mr. Jack Frost, the well-known gun-dog breeder, with some of the competitors. Lord Henniker retired from the Service as a Colonel in the Rifle Brigade

stein, the Brograve Beauchamps, and so on.

And so on to Scotland—North Berwick and Gullane are full of distinguished importations. A four-some representing Church,

Edinburgh has been full of Bishops and Americans; the former for the conference of Faith and Order (what a pious hope!), which brought representatives from the four corners of the earth, the latter to buy tartan souvenirs and look upon the Princes Street poles used for decoration during the Royal visit. These controversial objects have filled the Press with correspondence, but nothing so witty as the late Lord Rosebery's taunts upon the designs for the War Memorial has transpired. Invective and the art of letter-writing are both in decline, but the Duke of Argyll is a master when need arises. Sir Lionel Earle tells a delightful story of a letter penned by His Grace to the Office of Works which was well up to the ducal standard. Meanwhile, His Grace's kinsman, the Captain of Dunstaffnage, is back at work in Argyllshire after yachting (not cruising, a subtle difference in status) round the northern capitals, and visiting in Hungary—to his mind the only civilised country except Scotland (!) because it is impossible to meet the Wrong People. There are none, the peasantry being as pleasant as the *Adelschaft*.

More shortbread in shorthand. The Elphinstones' holiday shooting at isolated Glenmazera and visiting in Angus

(Continued overleaf)



Holloway

AT THE HUNTER TRIALS AT CLIPSTON

The Chepstow Hunter Trials were held at Kelmarsh, Northants, in the Pytchley country, and the three fair spectators are Lady Anne Hope, Miss Cecily Borwick and Lady Joan Hope, all hunting enthusiasts. Lord and Lady Linlithgow's two elder daughters are home "on leave" from India, where their father is Viceroy



## And the World said—continued

and Aberdeenshire was well and truly earned. They have real niceness and a high sense of duty to the community.

Peebles-shire is worried about Mrs. Murray-Philipson, the charming *châtelaine* of Stobo, who has been struck down by appendicitis and is in an Edinburgh nursing home.

Donald Ross, youngest son of Sir Walter and Lady Ross, who is going to marry one of Scotland's most beautiful daughters, Ismay Tiverton, will be able to entertain his wife by playing the pipes or the accordion.

\* \* \*

Gleneagles Hotel course reminded our spy of Mandelieu, with players in white shorts and coloured shirts. She pierced the "strict incognito" of the von Ribbentrops and heard the late arrival of the Cromers is due to visits in Belgium. The Portarlingtons will reach the hotel from Cannes in one of Lionel's gorgeous cars, which is parked on the gravel sweep to be gaped at. Not far off, at Blair Drummond, the Kay Muir's party is assembling. They only begin driving after the 20th, a fairly general rule this year. Countess Sophie Bibikoff is with them and the Rennie Rentons (Rosita's sister) and Count and Countess Raoul d'Harambure; the latter was a Vagliano, and, consequently, a golf champion, like so many of her relations.

\* \* \*

Lady Mar and Kellie, back at Alloa, has been sighted at Gleneagles Hotel, where regulars are flopping back into their basket chairs on either side of the porch. Missing, because he has taken a moor near Pitlochry, is Wing-Commander Oakley-Beuttler, the naval cartoonist—friends beg him to do the same by grouse shooting, about which sport his sense of humour is unimpaired by the fact that his wife shoots much better than he does. Most men would shoot their wives for shooting better. The "O.B.s" did a cure at Bagnoles de l'Orne, which reminds me, Vittel has many votaries. The atmosphere of briskness at this spa is all-pervading. You feel compelled to rise at dawn and, like the Duke of Marlborough's mother and her husband, Colonel Balsan, leave the first tee on the stroke of nine. Vittel has a "lang pedigree." The Romans found the springs a relief from road-making. They not only drank but weltered in the waters in turns. So in turns did the turbulent Huns, the Vandals, the Normans, the polite Hungarians, and now the Greeks. The patron saint is Louis Bouloumie, a barrister who came to the Vosges in Crimean days, and spent his life putting Vittel on the map, since when the Bouloumies have been its reigning family. The M.C. is Colonel Herbillon, who punctually at 11.30 each morning emerges from his lair at the back of the Pump-room and makes a triumphal tour and very thorough.

\* \* \*

Cheshire talks of extremely successful dances given by Mrs. Ramsden-Jodrell, at Taxal Lodge, and by Mrs.

Hamilton Carter, at Bolesworth Castle, for her daughters, Elizabeth and "Mundy." At the Jodrells' Sir John and Lady Reynolds were dancing together. She was looking very pretty in pale blue and has quite recovered from the nasty hunting accident which she had last season. Their home, Iscoed Park, is one of the loveliest in North Wales. Lovelies from London included Miss Angela Akers-Douglas, Miss Mary Needham and Miss Betty Buchanan, who partnered Mr. Michael

Harrison, an exceptionally tall young man whose visits to Cholmondeley, where he stays with his grand-mother, are becoming more and more rare—a fact which is greatly bewailed by his many friends in the county.

\* \* \*

Sir Ian Walker had perfect weather for his polo week at Osmaston. He has also realised one of his greatest ambitions by winning the Osmaston Cup, which has evaded his team for the last eight years. It was presented to him on the last day by his sister, Madame Bosdari, after a thrilling final. The other three who helped the team to victory were Mr. Gerald Williams, Captain Massey Lopes (Greys), and Captain Errol Prior-Palmer (9th), whose pretty wife was looking on.

\* \* \*

The Meynell Ball on Friday night ended the week's gaieties. Held at Hollybush House, it reached its peak with a number of impromptu items, Lady Bridget King-Tenison's solo dance being one of the most popular. Among those

dancing were Lord Barnby, whose energy is simply amazing, Captain and Mrs. Maurice Kingscote—he has taken on the Joint-Mastership of the Meynell—pretty Miss "Pam" Schreiber, Captain and Mrs. Errol Prior-Palmer, Mrs. Sanford and Lord Scarsdale.

\* \* \*

The really lovely weather was a great asset at Bembridge, and although one hardly likes to complain, perhaps a little more wind would not have come amiss to the yachting world at Cowes—Cowes Week is always very gay, as there is a dance nearly every night. Among those seen at one of the dances were Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, the latter looking most attractive in white satin. Miss Pamela de Lande Long always stands out at any social function, not only for her good looks but also for her original and striking clothes; on this occasion she was wearing a turquoise blue dress with a silver thread running through it. This year's débutantes were represented by Miss Doreen Butler-Henderson. One got a glimpse of her cousin, Mrs. Mark Pilkington, coming ashore with Lady Jane Nelson at Cowes, and another fleeting glimpse of Miss Eileen Brougham, very neat in her navy blue coat and skirt and upturned hat. Dancing at the Garland Club on a Saturday night were Lord and Lady Tennyson, who were hosts at dinner. The most attractive figure in the room was Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, whose lovely curly head and beautiful complexion stood out. She was wearing a pale green dress with tiny puffed sleeves, and her sister, Mrs. Arthur Paget, was in powder blue chiffon.



THE START OF A PERFECT DAY IN PERTHSHIRE

Mr. Lawrence Kimball, M.P. for Loughborough, and his host and hostess, Lord and Lady Mansfield, leaving Logiealmond Lodge for the hill on the Twelfth. Lord Mansfield is shooting the South Logiealmond moor this season



MISS GRACE AMORY

Riding up to the butts for the first drive of the opening day. This well-known American golfer is among the guests of her fellow-countryman, Mr. H. Pulitzer, who has taken the North Logiealmond shooting, and Kinloch, Amulree, as well as Drumour and Tomnagrew





LORD SWINTON'S GROUSE SHOOT ON POTT MOOR, MASHAM, YORKS

A group on the 12th which includes the host, his guns and house-party, also the slain before lunch, 190 brace! The names, left to right, are: Lady Swinton, Lady Monsell, Mrs. Lloyd-Greame, Muriel Lady Powell, Mrs. Wickham-Boynnton, and, sitting, the Hon. Patricia Eyres-Monsell, and the guns, which include Lord Swinton, the Hon. John Cunliffe-Lister, the Hon. Phillip Cunliffe-Lister, Lord Monsell, Major T. L. Dugdale, M.P. for Richmond, Yorkshire, and Mr. Hely-Hutchinson

SIR ARCHIBALD AND LADY LYLE (HOST AND HOSTESS)  
AT THEIR RIEMORE LODGE SHOOT

LORD AND LADY KELBURN AT THE RIEMORE SHOOT

The feast day of St. Grouse, a perfectly respectable and well authenticated saint, was duly celebrated by the customary "crack of the rifle," and despite all the ugly reports about the pest, both the quantity and quality of this admirable bird are unchallengeable. Some of the slain were on the more expensive luncheon tables in London at 1 p.m. on the very day. Lord Swinton, who ought to have a better eye for anything in the air than most of us, is seen with the guns at his shoot on Pott Moor, Masham, where his house is, and the entirely satisfactory result of the morning's fusillade. Both his sons are in the group and also, amongst others, the former First Lord and Lady Monsell and some of the family. Lord Monsell is one of the few First Lords who has ever been a real sailor. Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle were caught, like all the other people on this page, in the luncheon interval when everyone naturally grounds arms. Riemore Lodge, near Dunkeld, is one of Sir Archibald Lyle's Perthshire seats, and amongst his and Lady Lyle's guests, were their daughter and son-in-law seen sitting by on the right. Lord Kelburn is Lord Glasgow's son and a sailor like his father before him. Good accounts also are to hand as to Sir Gifford Fox's shoot from Downie Park Lodge, Cortachy, Angus. Sir Gifford Fox is the Member for the Henley Division



AT SIR GIFFORD FOX'S CORTACHY SHOOT

The names, left to right, are Lady Cayzer of Kinpurnie, Sir Herbert Cayzer, Lord Eltisley, his daughter, Lady Fox, Miss Georgina Fox, Miss Marshall and Lady Eltisley





BARBARA STANWYCK IN HER NEW PICTURE "STELLA DALLAS"

Sam Goldwyn is very busy on this film in Hollywood, but no completion date has so far been announced. It is obviously something "cowboy"! Barbara Stanwyck is in *His Affair* now at the Gaumont, Haymarket

that if it ignored the law and went all-out for America its trade did nothing but roar. Here's a state of things! I don't propose to enter into the general controversy that has arisen as a result of the incident. This August is far too hot for me to want to find myself in that kind of hot water. A lady in Argentina, however, has just appropriately sent me an article which appeared the other day in the *Buenos Aires Herald*. I don't say whether or not I agree with this article, but it seems to me to be admirably phrased:—

"A few idle thoughts came to me when I opened

my paper yesterday and saw the brave spread made by American film firms who have chosen the British locale for their master-pieces, for two films out of the several big ones running just now are British in context even if they are Hollywoodian as to accomplishment. I refer more particularly to *Lloyd's of London*, which immortalises on the silver screen that very sound insurance business which doesn't mind taking a chance on triplets or on the next war; and to *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, which gives the heroic Six Hundred those screenic honours so long denied them, though the material, as we have seen, is there aplenty. Both British in essence, it was left for American firms to produce them—I saw a review of *Lloyd's of London* in a London paper which ended with these words—'One of the best pictures never to come out of this country.'"

# THE CINEMA

Avoiding Trouble By JAMES AGATE

ONE of our major cinemas has got itself into trouble for showing less than the required minimum of English films. It was news to most people that there was any law in the matter. The cinema protested that if it obeyed the law it lost its custom. and

So far (with the exception of the word "screenic," which seems to me to add a new horror to journalism) so good! This is how the article ends:—

"The trouble at Home is that they're too busy with their Ralph Lynns and Tom Walls, too busy making pictures with such titles as *Let's Have a Nice Piece of Cake*, or *Holler, Boys, Holler*, to bother about motion pictures as an Art; and yet I occasionally hear a friend complain that in some great masterpiece brought to the screen, such as *David Copperfield*, there is an American accent! Naturally, seeing that we've allowed America to make that picture while we've been busy with such a masterpiece as *This'll Make You Whistle!* I've never understood this. London is a cultured capital. English literature is great literature. We have an excellent stage, we have produced world-renowned painters, sculptors, etchers, poets, writers, we have a well-defined national music plus a nation full of real music-lovers. Yet our essays in the motion-picture world, which is itself a branch of Art, are confined to knockabout comedians who get under beds and tear pillows to pieces and generally carry on like half-baked clowns in the cheapest of pantomimes. We seem to have everything in Art save the sense to use it. . . ."

Since our film-makers have leisure these days for smoking, let them put this into their pipes. I neither agree nor disagree with any of it.

Leaving all questions of Art aside, as one has so often to do in screenic matters, we have still a great deal to learn and the Americans everything to teach us in the business of sheer commercial slickness in film-making. I have seen two films this week, both American. One at the New Gallery was called *As Good as Married*, and the other at the Plaza was *Easy Living*. These films are now as indistinguishable in my mind as the two blondes on whom they centred. If I ponder hard I can remember certain details in the direction, and any muzzy intimation of the plot or either that may ensue must be accepted as the result of considerable recollective celebration. The point is that both films were consistently entertaining in the cinema and that neither proved to have made the slightest aesthetic impression on my memory when I got home. There is nothing wrong with this. No film-critic or regular film-goer could survive a month if his brain held store of all he saw and heard even at his favourite cinema.

These two films will be immensely popular. Both are

about exceedingly wealthy people and their wildly expensive infidelities. I recall a breakfast scene in *Easy Living* in which a banker pointed at his scapegrace son a platinum spoon poised over a mango resting on a silver cup which had been laid on a table of solid crystal. I have never before seen such appointments, except, later on in the same film, when the blonde heroine was given a suite so abounding in jade, porphyry, and amber that she couldn't find a peg to hang up her clothes. In *As Good as Married* a rich architect married his blonde secretary in order to reduce his income-tax. But the secretary really loved him and—oh, well, you know! Both films were airy, light, nimble, often witty, never too basely sentimental, and really quite excellent examples of near Lubitschery. The fact that they are both far removed from any kind of life that can be supposed to exist anywhere probably doesn't matter.



IDA LUPINO OF PARAMOUNT

Stanley Lupino's clever little daughter has never looked back since she went on the "flickers," and in the above picture is looking up—most appropriately. She has just finished a film called *Artists and Models*, due in London in about three weeks





LOOKING ON AT HESTON AIRPORT: LADY HARE, SIR RALPH HARE, AND MRS. PEREIRA



MRS. L. GREY SYKES, MRS. R. L. PRESTON, AND MR. J. E. HARRISON, WINNER OF THE MADDOCKS CUP

## THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING CLUB MEETING

Maddocks Cup Day at Heston

That very flourishing association the Household Brigade Flying Club held their annual contest for the Maddocks Cup at Heston Airport last week. The event is a landing competition and, for the third time in eight years, Mr. J. E. Harrison, Grenadier Guards, won it. Mr. Harrison is seen above with the respective wives of two leading members of the H.B.F.C. Sir Ralph Hare (above left) is in the Coldstream R. of O. and comes from Norfolk



MR. J. E. HARRISON, CAPTAIN GLOVER, MR. L. GREY SYKES, CAPTAIN R. L. PRESTON, MR. ALDRICH-BLAKE, AND THE CUP



LADY BINGHAM AND MR. N. D. M. JOHNSTONE

Captain R. L. Preston, Coldstream Guards, is Hon. Sec. to the Household Brigade Flying Club; he was 5th to Mr. J. E. Harrison in the Maddocks Cup competition. Mr. L. Grey Sykes, late Scots Guards, tied with Mr. E. L. Donner, late Irish Guards, for 1st place in the Non-Serving Members' Cup, and Mr. P. G. Aldrich-Blake, late Welsh Guards, was next in order of merit. Lady Bingham, whose husband Major Lord Bingham is in the Coldstream, had tea, during a lull in operations, with Mr. Norman Johnstone, Grenadier Guards, a Maddocks Cup competitor. This fine trophy was given by the parents of the late Mr. C. H. B. Gwynne-Maddocks, Coldstream Guards, in memory of their air-minded son



# Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



PETER MAHER

Maher has had a great run of success this season, and is to wear Mr. J. B. Joel's jacket next season. Amongst outstanding wins Maher has had are the Chester Cup (*Faites Vos Jeux*), the Hunt Cup (*Fairplay*), the Goodwood Stakes (*Epigram*), Chichester Stakes, Goodwood (Gunboat), and many more—a good showing

investment on an allowance of £50 p.a., plus 1s. 9d. a day stipend with 3d. (was it?) off for school. As he failed to connect in a month he was foreclosed on to pay expenses and went back to doing night work in a "garozzi." My correspondent (the second registered reader. Three more and we start an insurance scheme) encloses the regulations for racing at Rabat as published in the *Government Gazette*. Amongst others:—

No animal shall be allowed to take part unless provided with a snaffle.

The animals shall be started by a police officer firing a pistol.

The use of goads or pointed instruments is forbidden.

The start by pistol, especially if charged with sparrow hail, precludes all idea of horses being left at the post. A trainer friend of mine some years ago had a horse who resolutely refused to budge when the gate went up, even urged with a whip. Dressing his riding lad up in a dozen coats and a polo cap he put the horse under the gate and as the string was pulled handed the reluctant animal's blunt end a charge of No. 10 from a collector's gun at sixty yards. The effect was electric, the horse simply vanished. Good. He took him to Windsor, where the horse carefully measured the distance of the starter's assistant. When the gate went up he flew for 80 yards till he guessed he was out of range and then stopped so short he flung the boy the full length of the ribbons. This is fact. The goad or pointed instrument, much as one would sometimes enjoy using it, is naturally taboo. Few jockeys can use a whip effectively, much less an ankus, while a stiletto is a very two-edged weapon riding over fences. As the use of electrical urges is also barred the cosh or some blunt instrument is nowadays in universal use.

As I write Mr. Gerald Armstrong is lying very seriously

I AM in receipt of a letter from a racing enthusiast in one of our far-flung outposts of Empire, Malta, who, I am sorry to say, only signs himself "Exile." I also was exiled there during the seafaring portion of my career and can only remember the ceaseless clatter of temple bells, like the never-ending mid-day clarion over that Bond Street scent shop, and the all-pervading smell of goats. It was there that I made my maiden and meteoric essay in ownership with a barb costing no less than double figures, a pretty rash

injured by a fall in a bumpers race at Lewes. I can only hope that by the time this appears he will be well on the way to recovery. It is a very moot point if bumpers races serve any useful purpose, while they are dull to a degree to watch. I am always rather surprised that there are not more accidents in these races, and it speaks volumes for the saddlers. While some of the G.R.s are fine horsemen and the right shape and size, many are not. The tree, irons, leathers and girths of a two- to five-pound "dock" are all very well for an 8-9-stone jockey, but they are not designed for weight carrying. It used to give me the creeps to see a six-foot enthusiast, weak from wasting to ride 10 st. 7 lb., with his knees folded up like an overgrown poussin, putting to sea in one of these saddles, held by a single girth as broad as *bébé* ribbon insertion, and a surcingles. Round the bends he sat out over the rails like a Kanaka on an outrigger, but, thanks to the curriers of England, he is still with us.

May I point out to the users of race form, to which I am just becoming accustomed after years of the *Brown Book*, that there is a glossary of abbreviations at the beginning? A search for this would have saved a novice from remarking that the whole thing was incomprehensible. "'W.W.' I can understand," she said, "'means 'when wanted,' but how the h—l can I know when. 'Ran fast backward' I just don't believe, and, anyway, why should 'B.O.' affect a horse's form?'"

Brighton I did not attend this year but I understand that fresh improvements are made every year. May I suggest a reduction in prices and that Frank Hartigan be given the Freedom of the City. It is nice to see a string of winners coming from Michel Grove again. The going at Nottingham was, I thought, quite good, but the fields were poorer than I have ever seen here, especially on the second day. One of the races, however, a selling handicap contested by but four moderates, would have figured as an epic had they been classic horses. Two short heads separated the first three, as, with singing whalebone and frantic riding, they crossed the line locked together at five or six miles an hour.

A charming filly, Fascinator, won the two-year-old race.



ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY AT NOTTINGHAM

Lady Jean Dundas, Lord and Lady Zetland's youngest daughter, and Mr. L. Starkey, whose chestnut filly Shelburne was a strong order for the Bentinck Plate, but was beaten a neck by Lt.-Col. P. G. Robinson's La Mamounia, who was second favourite and led all the way



## MORE DEAUVILLE

Beach and Racing Occasions



M. AND MME. PAUL DUBONNET  
AND ROLANDE DUBONNET



LORD AND LADY ILLINGWORTH SIT  
BACK IN THE SUNSHINE



COLONEL AND MRS. HAROLD GREEN  
AND MR. JOHN TABOR



M. JOERGGEN BAGGE AND LT.-COLONEL  
J. A. AIZLEWOOD DAZZLE THE BEACH



LADY WORTHINGTON AND  
MRS. WALTER FFENNELL



LORD CARNARVON AND "STRASSIE,"  
ALIAS MR. R. B. STRASSBURGER

A few days before the Grande Quinzaine got going, Deauville was already almost as full as might be. Not everyone, however, intended staying for the gala fortnight of racing, polo and innumerable parties. Lord and Lady Illingworth returned to Yorkshire in time for the Twelfth, and Lt.-Col. Aizlewood, who commands the 4/7th Dragoon Guards, was only on French leave for a week. He was staying with the Joerggen Bagges at their villa. M. and Mme. Paul Dubonnet and Rolande, his schoolgirl daughter by his first marriage, purposed moving on to Baden Baden, but Lord Carnarvon rarely misses August racing at Deauville, and Deauville would never be quite complete without Mr. Ralph B. Strassburger, who has an estate there and keeps open house for his many friends. Colonel and Mrs. Harold Green, who had their nephew, Mr. John Tabor, with them, are renowned for their Ascot hospitality, house-parties of thirty being quite usual. They have a just-out daughter. Mrs. Walter Ffennell, photographed with Lady Worthington, is the late Sir Hugh Levick's daughter and lives at Martyr Worthy Place, near Winchester





Paterson

## A SOCIETY SITTING IN SCOTLAND

Lord Southwell's niece, Miss Jeanne Stourton, having her head sculpted by Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell, the Hon. Bernard and Mrs. Constable-Maxwell's clever daughter, who has her own studio at their Inverness-shire home, Fairlie House, Beany. The resemblance between Miss Jeanne Stourton and Mrs. Charles Sweeny has often been noted. There is no blood relationship, but there is now a special link between them, for the Hon. Mrs. Stourton's daughter is one of little Miss Frances Helen Sweeny's godparents

## Autobiography of a Coal-miner.

I HAVE just read a most interesting and beautiful book. The publishers describe it as "The simple and straightforward expression of a young miner's thoughts about his life and work." And this, indeed, it is—and more.

It is the lovely self-expression of one human being, who is a poet at heart though fate has turned his footsteps into one of the most prosaic and unlovely walks in all life, surely! The title is simply "Coal-miner" (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), and if you miss reading it you will miss reading a very unusual and very memorable book. The author, Mr. G. A. W. Tomlinson, is an unemployed miner who for some years has been supporting a wife and child on twenty-six shillings a week. Yet there is no Communism in his attitude towards life. Strangely enough, in politics he is a Conservative! He has seen for himself the harm which revolutionary doctrines have worked in the life and happiness of his fellow-miners. He realises that bad employers first made trade unions necessary, but he also realises that good employers—employers who treat their workmen in a humane manner, entering into their lives, treating them, in fact, as fellow human beings—are better to work under than to be at the beck and call of any political doctrinaire and his communistic "religion" of destruction. Especially is he contemptuous of the writers who live among the poor for a short time and then write a book painting the subject as if it were ugly and sordid and altogether without hope or any human joy. They are wrong. A happy life really demands very little—a job, a home, a plot of land to cultivate, a few good friends and a hobby for one's leisure hours. Given these things, the British workmen would have no need of Red Flags and hymns of social hate. He writes: "The miner, I have found, loves his country as intensely as anyone else, even though he has much less to love it for than some have."

If you ask the average miner what is the difference between the Conservative

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Party and the Socialist Party, he is almost certain to answer: "The Conservative Party looks after those who have money, and the Socialist Party looks after the working man. He knows nothing of Conservatism and little of Socialism." As a matter of fact, the average Englishman is not politically-minded—thank God. He asks for humane treatment and for justice, and, for the rest, to be let alone to get on peacefully with his own life. He is "for" many things, but up against very few. In any case, if you want to read as true an account of the attitude towards life and patriotism held by the average working man, read this book. And among the miners you will perhaps find the finest type of Englishmen in all England. Maybe it is because so many of them take, so to speak, their lives in their hands every time they descend the pit that they are so truly *men*—in man's manliest sense. Rough they may be in manners and appearance; non-religious they may be in their attitude towards the Church, but beneath all these unimportant exterior qualities there is a natural courage and charity which puts to shame most of those who criticise them or judge them harshly. Mr. Tomlinson tells us stories out of his own experience of this courage and this charity, and in their simple, straightforward narration they are beautiful and moving to a degree. But then, I have rarely read a simpler or more straightforward account by a man of his own life. His father was a miner;

he comes of mining stock. All his friends are miners. He works, when in work, in a colliery on the borders of Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. For himself, it has always been the Forest which has saved him from despair. For his whole heart and mind and soul live only for the peace and beauty which the Forest can give. It has been his world, his inner consolation, ever since he was a boy.

"If there is not beauty about the forest," he writes, "when the first rays of the sun are shining away the mists from the hollows and the scent of the maybloom hangs heavy under the trees that skirt the wood; if, when the sky is blood-red in the evening and the forest is motionless and silent, there is not the peace that helps, nay, *makes* me forget the troubles that wait me down in the town; then I must be 'daft'—thank God. I have gone hungry many times. I have known the humiliation of poverty in the midst of plenty. I have learned that men can have the courage of lions and still be gentle; can curse, yet say beautiful things and can suffer with a smile. I have found belief in mankind, which many who found life easier still to deny, and because of that faith I can look forward to the future without fear. There are many, many books which I must read, many lovely poems and great thoughts still to discover. In my Sherwood many days may dawn for me to watch, and many evenings will fall wherein I may dream. I have still the pleasure of seeing the sea to experience, and I have still the mountains to see and climb. If I have been tied to one place I have come to know it all the better for that, and if I have spent my life amongst one kind of people, I have learned to love them all the more." Well, to one reader, at any rate, he has given a book of extraordinary beauty and human interest. It he can continue to write of the things and the people he knows, if he can still reveal himself in the same simple, beautiful way, as he has told the story of



Bassano

## MRS. SACHEVERELL SITWELL

The attractive and entertaining wife of the famous poet-author, with a favoured member of the household. Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell have been specially invited by the Rumanian Government to make an inspection tour of Rumania in September. Before setting off on this interesting journey they are taking their son to the seaside, after spending some weeks at their Derbyshire home, Renishaw Hall

(Continued on page 292)



## CALLING ALL STARS



GENE RAYMOND AND WIFE  
(JEANETTE MACDONALD)

Hyman Fink



SANDRA STORME IN "SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST"



CLAUDETTE COLBERT STARS IN "BLUEBEARD'S  
EIGHTH WIFE"



GOING RACING: UNA MERKEL, GAIL PATRICK, ROBERT  
TAYLOR, AND BARBARA STANWYCK

Hyman Fink

A small collection of Hollywood's brightest, some of whom are very hard at work and some of whom are not. Gene Raymond and his very pretty wife are still more or less a honeymoon couple, as they have been married quite recently. Their wedding in Hollywood was one of the most lavish things that even that city, so well inured to magnificence, has ever seen. Gene Raymond was very well known on the stage long before he took to filming. Sandra Storme is a more or less recent Paramount recruit. She used to be an artist's model, but is now busy on the film "Sophie Lang Goes West," still in the making. Claudette Colbert is also busy on a new Paramount film all about the legendary Mr. Bluebeard's last wife. London at the moment is seeing a good deal of the lovely actress in "I Met Him in Paris," at the Carlton. The four young people in the picture in the bottom right-hand corner were at the Del Mar race-track. Robert Taylor, the male escort, is one of the six most popular stars in the world. One of his future assignments is "Kim." Una Merkel we have seen recently with Wallace Beery in that thick-car film, "The Good Old Soak," and Barbara Stanwyck's good performance in "The Plough and the Stars" will linger long in our memories.



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

his life in this book, he will surely see the sea and the mountains and live closer than ever to the life of the forest which has given him such wisdom and brought so much consolation to the "dark" days of his life. He is a new writer whose next book I look forward to as I look forward to few "next" books. I have already read this one twice and loved it even more the second time than the first. A sure sign of the human appeal of any book.

## Thoughts from "Coal-Miner."

"Too often eloquence is mistaken for cleverness, and no section of the workers of this country has suffered so much because of that mistake as the mining community."

"I have noticed many times that as a man's love for his garden grows greater, his love for politics of the extreme type grows less."

"Pushing pamphlets through letter-boxes never yet converted a man or woman from Socialism to Conservatism. There is only one way and that is by talking to the people, and by showing a real interest in their problems."

"The modern young people of to-day seem to me to be just floundering about amid a welter of ideas, about none of which they can be certain."

"Few of the men who cultivate allotments attend political meetings. They have more important things to attend to. Politics are mostly promises. Spring is certain to come."

## Story of an Actor.

Mr. Robert Hichens is an author who never lets his readers down. Once or twice he may step back a pace, so to speak—as in his latest novel, "Daniel Airlie" (Cassell; 8s. 6d.)—yet, truth to tell, when he steps back he is still far more readable than many a novelist's step-forward. The main fault with his latest story is that it is very long (540 pages), and one may easily guess the mystery behind the inscrutability of Robert Airlie, the famous actor, too early in the book. Nevertheless, one reads on because Mr. Hichens can tell a story as well as any living novelist—and "Daniel Airlie" is a story, not a mere "panache" of words and wit. You may never get to know any of his characters very well apart from their words and actions, but they are usually interesting to listen to, and always what they do holds the theme of the tale in exciting suspense. In this way, his latest novel is rather like a film—one watches, rather than seems to "belong" to every scene. Airlie himself is a very famous actor. Elise Brette, an actress, who is the widow of Airlie's best friend, Vernon, loves him, but can never be certain of his affection for herself. He has been a devoted friend for years, helped her financially, but he never gives her an engagement in his own company, and some mysterious barrier always seems to stand between them and any passionate declaration on his part. It is, as I wrote above, one of the weaknesses of the plot that one may too easily guess in what consists that mysterious "barrier." I will not, of course, let you into this somewhat too-open secret, because the *dénouement* is so skilfully built up that you scarcely once realise that it takes over four hundred pages before it stands revealed in all its grim treachery—treachery which becomes at last almost forgivable when one understands the man better and the why and the wherefore of his act, with its long years

of haunting remorse. The background of the theatre is as skilfully portrayed as are the actions and motives of the characters who inhabit this stage world. And Elise Brette is a charmingly drawn woman—a "safe" second-rate actress who, in spite of her success, has never quite "got there." Yet one wonders if any woman would continue to love a man who, during so many years, never once declared his love for her, no matter how his manner towards her might hint of passion. Perhaps she never really loved him herself; only feeling towards him that "pride of possession" which plays so great a part in a woman's love for a famous man. In any case, her own devotion is tested many times before the terrible moment when it has to stand the greatest test of all. Then it was not so much the agony of losing the man she loved, but that greater agony which is to lose the man whom her love had built up into an image to worship. Love builds up these images and their loss is by far the greater tragedy of disillusion. In any case, Elise is a charming woman

whom, like all the other characters, one gets to know without ever getting to know really well. Everything about them is vividly familiar; it is only when the imagination probes beneath the surface that I, for one, found that I had been entertained and excited by "exteriors" and not by psychological intimacies. Nevertheless, long as it is, Mr. Hichens has given us yet another novel which it is difficult to lay aside once one has got the "hang" of the plot. And thank goodness it is a novel with a real plot—a story which is a real story, and a very good one, too.

## Thoughts from "Daniel Airlie."

"Too much heart is more dangerous to a man than too little head. The latter, of course, makes for imbecility. But the former, humanity being what it is, makes for the abyss."

"Sloppiness is false sentiment. But I believe all really great Art has its roots in emotion. And cleverness is a poor substitute for the bigness that has heart and feeling behind it."

"A woman hopelessly in love with a man who, so far as is known, doesn't return her love, is almost invariably a cause of half-amused, half-pitying contempt to her sister women."

## An Excellent Thriller.

Mr. Douglas Green, in "Agony Column" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.), has seemingly chosen deliberately a very difficult theme for his story, but he has succeeded, nevertheless, in making it real

and exciting. This theme is the reaction of five people, alone on an island off the west coast of Scotland, to the murder of a man—the sixth person on the island—who had recently played a very big and disquieting part in their daily lives. Four among them had every reason to be suspected of the crime, yet such was their association with the dead man that, even if the police could have reached the island, they would have shielded rather than helped to hunt down the murderer. The solution, however, comes logically, and yet it is not the principal reason why once you have begun the story you go on reading it absorbed. No, the real interest lies in the study of Felix, the proprietor of the island; Lucy, his sister, and his four guests, and the fatal fascination which one of them, a surgeon from Philadelphia, had upon them; together with their individual reactions, and their causes, to his mysterious and violent death. This is as good a thriller as I have read for some time.



Kathleen Iddon

MR. NORMAN BIRKETT, K.C.

The famous counsel has recently left for Canada, where he is to speak at the annual meeting of the Canadian Bar Association as representative of English law. It is thus once more proved that lawyers do not sleep between term and term



## CAPTIVATING

A Selection of Antibeans  
in happy holiday mood



MR. PERCY BROOKSBANK WITH  
CHARMING MRS. HARRY HASSAN



MISS "DIDY" GUTHRIE, WHO  
CAME OUT THIS SEASON



MRS. OWEN TAYLOR WITH  
CAPTAIN FRANK COVELL



MR. AND MRS. W. S. TANFIELD AND YOUNG FAMILY

And so to the Cap d'Antibes, another place in the southern sun for socialites. Miss "Didy" Guthrie is the deb. daughter of Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie, whose yacht has lately been in Cannes harbour. Mrs. Harry Hassan belongs to the Paris-American colony, and Mr. Percy Brooksbank—note his natty new notion in sports shirts—plays polo at Mandelieu



THE HON. "SALLY" BANBURY



CHARLIE VON SCHWEDLER AND  
MRS. JAMES DRUMMOND

Charlie von Schwedler, the Ritz singer, is one of Mrs. Cartwright's villa guests. Mrs. James Drummond, who married last winter, a few months after she came out, is Colonel Sir Edward Worthington's daughter. See top right for Sir Harold Bowden's sister, Mrs. Owen Taylor, a very light-hearted patron of the Cap

The Tanfields and their family, Bobby, Victoria, and Madge, are enviably housed at Antibes, for they have taken that celebrated villa at the peak of the Cap which has a green roof and belongs to Mrs. Osler. Most winters they take a chalet in Switzerland and they have a nice home in Gloucestershire to come back to. Mrs. Tanfield was Miss Merritt, of New York. The Hon. "Sally" Banbury owns a captivating suit of beach rompers which has a cape to match lined with bath-towelling. She is Lord Banbury's only sister and daughter of the late Captain Charles Banbury and of the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Craven



# CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

THE postmark this week is Bad Ems, where no fewer than forty-six people from Great Britain have come in search of the German amateur title. A delightful spot, nestling in a valley on a tributary of the Rhine. The place was put on the map, I understand, by the Kaiser, but more than a hundred years ago people were coming here to take the waters. What a journey it must have been, in comparison with the one by which we reached it the other day! Half-past seven at Croydon, ten to nine at Brussels, a quarter to ten at Cologne. This last I was surprised, in my ignorance, to see calling itself "Köln." To quote Colonel Moore-Brabazon, "These foreigners don't know where they live."

At Cologne, General Critchley's caravan met us and we proceeded, to the astonishment of the locals, down the west bank of the Rhine, reaching Bad Ems, after a long stop for breakfast, at one-thirty. Six hours all told. Incidentally, nothing will induce Moore-Brabazon, holder of pilot's certificate No. 1 and the first Briton to leave the ground, to travel by air. Train and boat for him, he says, until they find a substitute for petrol. The golf at Bad Ems I find frankly disappointing. Trying to lodge your drive time and again on a sharp slope baked hard by the sun is liable to make the thoughts wander towards beer-gardens and bathes in the river: at any rate, I have found what is, strictly speaking, the business in hand, the German Golf Championship, taking a minor place in my considerations.

The course is in the forest, about 1500 feet above the town, and is strongly reminiscent of Zurich and Lausanne. No golf architect has yet solved the problem of designing a course on a series of hillsides. You can play either up and down them or along the sides—at Bad Ems you play along the sides—but neither can be satisfactory. Perhaps the most successful attempt at this sloping sort of course is the late Mr. J. F. Abercromby's Coombe Hill, where you play for the most part up and down, as against along the sides. The Bad Ems greens are slow, flat and true, and the general condition of the course is good, but the heat and the slopes and the flies combined make two rounds in a day a formidable proposition.

The Championship was preceded by a match between Germany and a team sponsored by the English Golf Union—though how anyone

as Scottish as Andrew McNair found his way into it I don't know! I am certain that it is the tacit intention of one or two people on both sides that this should be the forerunner of official matches in the future, but my opinion remains unshaken that they should be left informal and should be played only

if sufficient Englishmen attend the German meeting, and *vice versa*. In this match, Critchley and Moore-Brabazon were partnered together in the four-somes—an impish gesture by the latter (who was captaining the team), since despite their business associations he is, on the golf-course, Critchley's "hoodoo." Whenever he turns up to watch him in a championship, the General loses at once.

These "hoodoos" are strange things, and a good many of us have them. My own is linked with my old friend Eric Martin Smith. In the days when we were undergraduates and used to play a lot together, I had what was to all intents and purposes a perpetual slice.

I haven't got it now—I swear I haven't—but put that fellow anywhere in the vicinity and away goes my ball to the right like a drifting balloon. Uncanny.

The definition of golfing genius must, I feel sure, be "an infinite capacity for playing golf." At least, that is one of Henry Cotton's secrets. Having won the Open Championship with a tremendous finish and survived those hours of agony while they decided whether or not to cancel the last round, he motored home through the night and then went straight off to practise at Walton Heath. Here, as you will recall, he annihilated Densmore Shute with perhaps the finest sustained exhibition of golf in the history of the game. The time came at last when even he must take a holiday, there being a limit to what the human frame can stand. So, to "get away from it all," he got into his motor-car and drove—where? Why, down here to Bad Ems to play in the German Open!

He is only treating it as a holiday, though I fancy that by the time you read this he will have added another title to his list of triumphs. The German is a championship that has always eluded him—last year at Wannsee Auguste Boyer beat him by a stroke—but something tells me he will make no mistake this time, holiday or no holiday.



Balmain

## AT THE FIRST TEE, NORTH BERWICK

Sitting in the sun and waiting their turn are (l. to r.) Miss Betty Lampson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Lampson and niece of Sir David Baird of Newbyth; Mrs. A. Gordon-Lennox, the former Miss Barbara Steele; Mr. Curtis Lampson and Lt. A. Gordon-Lennox, R.N., who is a kinsman of the Duke of Richmond and a son of Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox and the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox

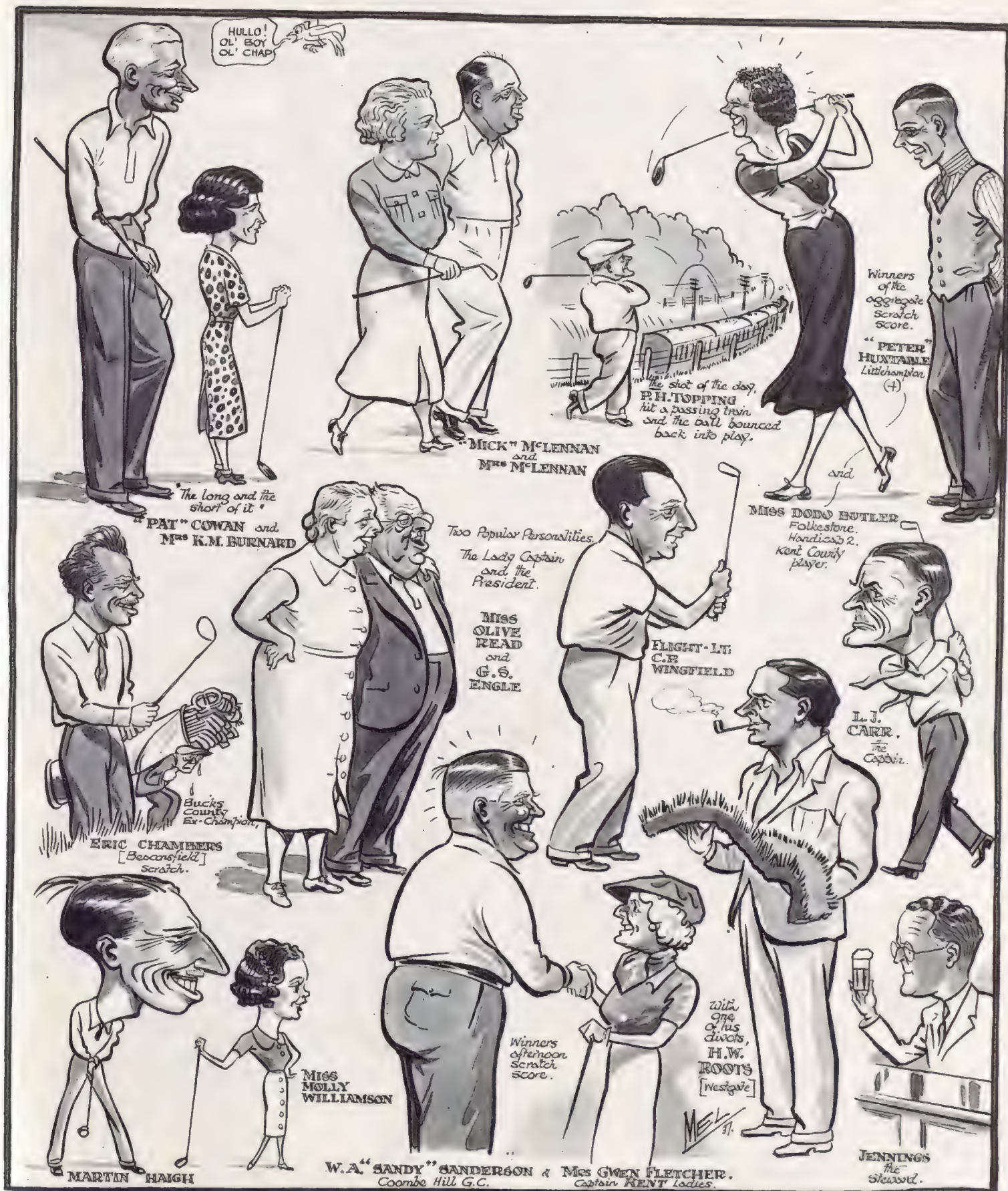


LADY MAPPIN AT BADEN-BADEN

The famous cure and racing centre also possesses a very excellent 18-hole golf-course, and Sir Charles Mappin's attractive wife is taking her lessons very seriously. She is staying with Miss Hilary Charles, who is taking the "cure" equally seriously



# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES AT WESTGATE-ON-SEA GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

On Sunday, August 8th, at Westgate-on-Sea and Birchington Golf Club, thirty-seven couples competed for the Eccleston Cup over thirty-six holes under handicap. The meeting is increasing in popularity, this entry being the largest so far. Competitors come from near and far to take part in this very cheery contest over a course which is, at least, grand fun for holiday golf. There were several Kent County lady players competing, including Miss Dodo Butler, Mrs. G. Fletcher (captain of the Kent Ladies' team), and Miss Olive Read, who is lady captain of Westgate-on-Sea and a great personality in ladies' golf. The outstanding lady player at this competition was Miss Wanda Morgan, who needs no introduction. She and her partner were, however, unsuccessful

(NEXT WEEK: SEAFORD HEAD GOLF CLUB)



## IN THE ISLAND: LADY

## BARING'S CHARITY BALL



COLONEL CLAUDE BEDDINGTON SITTING OUT  
WITH THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM



THE EARL AND COUNTESS  
OF SHREWSBURY



LORD AND LADY NAAS, A RECENT  
BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM



MR. MONTAGU LOWRY-CORRY AND HIS  
SISTER, MISS PATRICIA LOWRY-CORRY

One of the last of the Cowes Week parties was the dance given at Northwood House by Lady Baring, Sir Godfrey Baring's wife, in aid of local charities. Those present included the Earl of Mayo's son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Naas, who were married on July 31, and are spending part of their honeymoon in the Island. Lady Naas, formerly Miss Noel Haliburton Wilson, is a great-niece of the late Lord Haliburton. Lord Brougham's sister and Lord and Lady Shrewsbury were among the most indefatigable dancers at this bright party



LADY MAUREEN NOEL AND MR. NIGEL  
CAMPBELL CORNERED BY THE CAMERA



ALSO ENGAGED: THE HON. PATRICK  
SEELY AND MISS VAN HAEFTEN



MISS ANN BARLOW AND MR. RICHARD  
KINDERSLEY, WHO ARE JUST ENGAGED

Here are some more supporters of Lady Baring's pay-party. Mr. C. R. H. Kindersley, H.L.I., son of Lieut.-Col. A. O. L. Kindersley, of Hamstead Grange, brought his fiancée, Major R. G. Barlow's daughter. No date has yet been fixed for their wedding, nor for that of the Hon. Patrick Seely and Miss Van Haeften. Miss Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, seen on the right with Sir John Mullens' daughter, is the Duke of Sutherland's niece. Mr. Montagu Lowry-Corry and his sister, Patricia, are Lord Inchiquin's cousins, and Lady Maureen Noel is the only daughter of Lady Gainsborough

Photographs: Arthur Owen



MISS E. LEVESON-GOWER, MR. CAMPBELL,  
AND MRS. HUGH LEVESON-GOWER





MARY COUNTESS HOWE

These pictures of a charming personality and her devoted Peke were taken shortly before they left London for country visits. Mary Lady Howe, whose marriage was dissolved early this year, lives in Porchester Terrace. She often goes to stay with her son and daughter-in-law at Penn House, in Buckinghamshire, and her immediate family circle was enlarged last April when her only daughter, Lady Georgiana Kidston, had a son. Mary Lady Howe's only son, Viscount Curzon, is married to Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's only daughter

Photographs: Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane





PHOENIX PARK  
SUMMER MEETINGCAPTAIN GUY GOUGH AND MRS. HARLEY  
BACON, WIFE OF THE HANDICAPPERPRINCE ALY KHAN, LADY MILTON, AND  
THE MAHARAJA OF KUCH-BEHARMR. WILLIAM BROOKE AND  
LADY BROOKE LOOK ANXIOUSTHE HON. MRS. HUBERT PRESTON AND THE  
HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSY. (BELOW) MISS  
ANNE GREGORY, LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH,  
AND MR. AND MRS. HARRY CLEEVEMRS. GEOFFREY PALMER, LORD GLENNAVY,  
AND THE HON. MICHAEL CAMPBELLPhotos.: Poole, Dublin  
"RACING PARTNERS": LADY DE  
FREYNE AND LADY BELLEW

Brilliant sunshine, racing made to match, clipping good fields, and everyone full of the beans and benevolence which Horse Show week in Dublin invariably begets, were the finest ingredients for success for the meeting in the Phoenix. As to who was there, the answer is "Everyone"! And here are a few. Captain Guy Gough, who is Lord Gough's heir presumptive, is talking to the handicapper's attractive wife. Lady Milton, the former Miss Olive Plunket, is with two Indian celebrities who hardly need description. Lord Milton is said to be giving up the Derwent. Mr. William Brooke, who is with the wife of one of the Committee hunting the Kildare hounds, is Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke's son. The Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy, who is with the Hon. Mrs. Preston, is well known with the Meath. Lord Glenavy is with one of his sons and a fair patron of the Blazers; and Lady de Freyne was doing hostess for her father, Sir John Arnott, and Lady Bellew was amongst their guests



SHOW WEEK DANCES  
IN DUBLIN



MISS ANN HICKMAN, M.F.H.,  
AND MR. STEPHEN WHITE



SUPPING TOGETHER: MAJOR SIR CHRISTOPHER  
NIXON AND MISS MARY McMULLAN



LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND  
AND MR. CHARLES PERRY



MISS OTTELIE ANQUETIL  
AND LORD ANNESLEY



MR. B. COTTON, MISS MOYRA SCOTT, MR.  
M. HARRISON AND MISS NOREEN PONSONBY



LORD ROSSMORE AND LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON

(BELOW) MR. AND MRS. MURRAY-SMITH,  
MR. KEN HOMAN AND LADY NELSON

Dublin Horse Show week, 1937, was as full of dining and wining and dancing as ever, and in this page the diligent camera has collected revellers at three dances—the Soldiers' and Sailors' one, held at Lord Iveagh's beautiful Dublin house; the ball for the Blind, held at the Gresham; and the Louth Hunt Ball, which was also held at the Gresham and to which the pictures in the lower part of this page are mainly devoted. A notable newcomer to the Irish M.F.H. ranks is Miss Ann Hickman, who has taken on the West Waterford, with a friend, Miss Robin Waters, to turn hounds to her. Miss Hickman's father, the late Brig.-Gen. Tom Hickman, had the Albrighton for many years. Sir Christopher and Lady Nixon had a house-party for the week and Miss McMullan was a unit of it. Miss Anquetil, who is with Lord Annesley, was a visitor from Surrey, and Mr. Perry, seen dancing with Lord Townshend's sister, is from Worcestershire. Miss Moyra Scott is Lord and Lady Francis Scott's pretty daughter and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester. Lady Maureen Brabazon, who was snapped supping with Lord Rossmore, is Lord and Lady Meath's elder daughter and very well known with the Meath hounds

Pooler, Dublin





## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT



THE MYSTERY OF THE SATURNINE  
BUTLER: PERCY PARSONS

**T**HE GUSHER is colossal, if not epic. Starting with plum duff and tough talk in a convict prison, it ends on a South Sea island where the chief villain gets rolled over a cliff-top, leaving the hero in possession of the nice girl, the nice girl's fortune of £250,000 and an oil-well whereof one of the prospectors has said: "If we could show that sump out there full of good, crude oil, any Oil Corporation in England or America would give us \$5,000,000 for the Concession." In between, eighteen lavish scenes bring a host of terrific doings, including a couple of murders, a nice bit of torture and a tremendous collision at sea.

Murder No. 1 is performed to loud screams from the safe in which the nice girl's uncle has just deposited banknotes for £5000. Who did it? Was it the grim, saturnine butler who sees all, hears much and says next to nothing? No; too obvious. Then Scruffy, the released convict who



THE MYSTERY OF THE MILLION-POUND TREASURE:  
JACK LIVESey, HENRY THOMPSON, ALASTAIR SIMS



FANCY PRESS, ALASTAIR SIMS,  
BEATRICE BOARER

has prowled from the garden in search of an old map giving latitude and longitude for buried treasure? No; Scruffy is a fearful little man. What, then, of the hard-up suitor for the niece's hand, who has captured the heart of an heiress? Unlikely, for two reasons: his name is Jack Rendall, and he was formerly in the Navy. Then the victim's stepson-secretary, who himself loves the girl? Against his guilt are his alibi, his blond hair and the fact that he lost the lady like a gentleman; in favour of it are his name (Robert Rutherford), and the fact that he is played by Mr. Ivan Samson, who was villainous half-brother to Mr. Ivor Novello in the most recent of the drama-spectacles at Drury Lane.

In any case, this gargantuan show at the Princes Theatre, "devised and invented by Ian Hay and Firth Shepard," is not specially concerned with problems in murder, but rather with excitements that will amaze and stagger. By the time when a mere half-dozen of the scenes have carried us from a coroner's court to the cabin of a small steamship chartered for the hero's adventure in treasure-seeking, it is clear that Robert Rutherford is a dirty dog who,



## Desperate Doings In Eighteen Scenes



OH, UNCLE! DEAR UNCLE! PLEASE DON'T TAKE  
ON SO : ERNEST MAINWARING, CHRISTINE BARRY

in order to win the girl and the quarter-million for himself, wants to fasten his crime on honest Jack Rendall, who will not marry the heiress so long as he remains poor. Here is this Robert the Devil in a dockside café, threading his way between electric pianos and low characters to the

sinister back-room, so as to arrange for Jack's sailors to be doped by Nicky the Greek, a fallen clergyman called Clarence the Dodger, and his own deserted wife, whom he thereafter destines to disappear without trace in the brothels of Buenos Aires. And now because of his machinations, Jack and his buddies (including the girl) face mutiny on the high seas, with frantic fighting amid an Atlantic fog so realistic that the constructors of Mr. Firth Shephard's scenery get a round of applause. And here, just in time to save Jack's and Kay's bacon and bring tremendous climax to the interval, is the crunch of collision with a liner, involving red explosion from the engine-room and further applause.

It is all very breath-taking; and perhaps the producer realised as much when arranging for Mr. Ian Hay's dialogue to bring comic relief on board the liner, where nothing much happens to Jack and his Kay except arrest for piracy, confrontation with the former butler (pretending to be a Scotland Yard officer with an American accent) and escape in fancy dress on a rip-roaring seaplane. Meanwhile, among the dirty dogs in Panama City, sex and rum are permitted to rear their ugly heads for a minute or two, before Robert Rutherford tortures poor Scruffy with red-hot electric wires, and shoots dead his deserted wife—leaving Clarence the Dodger to recognise the body as that of the French girl whom he loved when a padre (C. of E.)

in wartime Holy Orders.

So, then, to the Island of Liquid Gold, where Red Harvey, beach-comber and escaped convict, wears dirty white flannels, swigs his potent *kava*, lives happily with a round dozen of native walla-walla girls, and vainly tries to solve his cipher about hidden treasure. It is Jack who (having been in the Navy) promptly does the deciphering; and almost as promptly, up goes an oil-derrick in the remote corner of the South Seas. But it is Robert Rutherford who strikes the oil: arriving to ruin his rival's plans, he chucks a chunk of gelignite down the

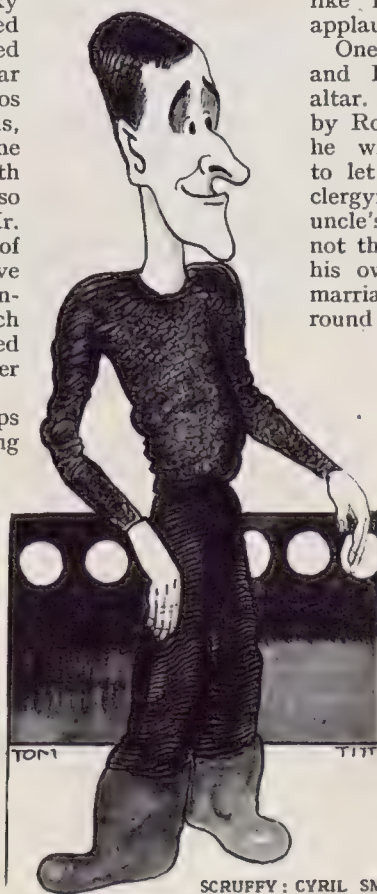


DIRTY WORK BY A BAD HAT:  
CORAL BROWNE, IVAN SAMSON

well and—*presto!*—up gushes a gusher of what looks like real oil, sizeable enough to bring yet more applause for the stage-engineers.

One more mild adventure is reserved for Jack and Kay before their journey's end at an English altar. Jack must be kidnapped, bound and dragged by Robert Rutherford to the cliff-edge, over which he will be toppled unless Kay consents forthwith to let the Reverend Clarence the Dodger ("once a clergyman, always a clergyman") marry her to her uncle's murderer. Under the circumstances, who would not thus consent? But the Rev. Clarence, remembering his own lost love, reads the funeral instead of the marriage service, and, clutching Robert Rutherford round the loins, rolls with him to perdition, *via* the pounding surf. And the million pounds for the oil-well remain for safe division as to approximately £166,666 apiece for Jack, four engaging gaolbirds and a very odd shipmate who is already enriched by the persuasive drollery which Mr. Alastair Sims brings to every part he plays.

I may be wrong, but I find it a bit difficult to believe that this sort of thing happens often. On the other hand, I am prepared to see it happen whenever the same degree of comedy, ingenuity, grandiosity, general excitement and well-ordered hullabaloo attends the desperate doings. *The Gusher* will please many thousands, including the Christmas patrons. Jack Livesey and Christine Barry strengthen the heroics; Ivan Samson, Harold Franklin, Bernard Lee and Coral Browne the melodramatics; Cyril Smith and Joan Hickson the humours.



SCRUFFY: CYRIL SMITH





Photo.: Ace

A YOUNG FRENCH FILM STAR:  
DANIELLE DARRIEU

Danielle Darrieu sprang into fame with her performance with Charles Boyer in "Meyrling" some three years ago. Since then she has "never looked back" and now is to leave Paris for Hollywood in the autumn

Written from "The Farm on the Island."

HOW nice it is to be here, Très Cher! Paris, the Paris of l'Exposition 1937, is gay and lovely, but not very restful for nous autres, who are rather tired of fireworks every night, banquets for every other meal, and International Congresses (I hope this is the right plural, but I haven't brought a dictionary down on the beach with me!) day in, day out! After all, we have had Exposition morning, noon and night for over a year during the building thereof, and I find that, after so much excitement, the Farm, despite its shortcomings, is my Paradise on earth. One of its drawbacks was slightly more obvious than usual this trip. A non-stop run from Paris landed me here in time to cross dry-tyred at low tide, a little after midnight, and since a slow-witted neighbour who care-takes for me (with rather more take than care) had not thought to prepare candles or lamps in their usual places, I had to fumble around for quite a while in the dark. Exciting, but shin-barking—especially as the Skye and the kitten (who came down in the car wearing a collar and lead, and on equal footing with the dog) started a grand old mouse-hunt as soon as I opened the door.

Of course, I ought to have had an electric torch handy. . . . In point of fact, I had one; but just as my brain has run low at this time of the year, so had my battery petered out, and when I switched the switch nothing happened. However, all things come to those who fumble long enough—even matches (damp), lamps (unfilled) and candles (apparently without wicks!). Patience and sputtering matches revealed the fact that beds were made, so, leaving the car

## Priscilla in Paris

at the door and just dragging down a dressing-case known to contain pyjamas and tooth-brush, I got between the covers and slept till the sun waked me. What sun, Très Cher! What blue skies! Was there ever such a summer? The country people are clamouring for rain, of course, but then, are country people ever satisfied with the weather—so why worry? It is so hot that the pine cones are cracking in the midday sun like the fireworks on gala nights at the "Expo," and the sand-dunes that surround the wee hoose are so sun-baked that I cannot walk on them barefooted! The kitten seems to think this state of affairs in very bad taste, but the Skye, who is thicker skinned, has shown it how to scratch the sand and find the cool layer underneath the surface. What adaptable creatures they are!

Although the devaluation of the franc has brought swarms of "cheap-excursionists" to France and the *vacances payées* of the *Front Populaire* have let loose all the *populo* on our shores, this remains a quiet and peaceful spot. My little domain is just big enough for the echoes of portable gramophones to reach me but faintly, and since the F.P. needs at least two hours for the enjoyment of each meal and rises but little before midday, the beach is pleasantly deserted throughout the morning and during the "eats" hours. In the evening the crowd gathers at the village pubs, where the wireless blares dance-music, or goes to the hotel on the main beach, where the excursion steamers arrive, and I am left in blessed solitude, to enjoy the spectacular sunsets that my Island and this kind of weather specialise in. The

dog and the kitten chase the sand-lauers, or whatever are called those funny, transparent little jumping things that come up with the tide. When they get tired of that, the kitten combs the dog's fringe with its claws, and the dog chews the kitten's ear in retort courteous, after which they go to sleep in each other's paws à l'ombre des tamaris en fleurs.

I sit and revel in the tranquillity that surrounds me, but there is an ache in my heart for my stable mate, who has not yet been able to leave Paris! Nothing is ever perfect! During my peaceful evenings here I have been thinking back over the hectic weeks that have just passed, and am surprised to see how little stands out in my memory.

The Exposition has brought theatrical companies from all over Europe to Paris—Flemish, Swiss, Rumanian, English: the best that every country can offer. Of all these, only the performance of *Candida* by Diana Wynyard and company stands out, and is the only one that I dwell upon with pleasure and the regret that that pleasure was over so quickly. *Avec le recul du temps*, not only the perfection of the whole production seems more apparent, but I find that I remember the acting of Miss Athene Seyler with increasing appreciation. People are talking about her whenever theatres are mentioned. "Vous vous

souvenez? Cette Athénée Sélorre. . . . She was plain but so attractive. . . . absurd in her blouse and skirt of the naughty-'nineties. . . . but so lovable. . . . She had a rôle ingrat, but—mong Dew!—what she made of it!" Paris suddenly remembers her magnificent performance, also, of Queen Elizabeth in *Drake*, the spectacular film-play that was so aptly known over here as "The Invisible Armada"; and Paris very greatly wants to see her again, so will the British Gaumont very kindly make a point of letting us see the new screen-play, *Non-Stop New York*, in which she appears, as soon as possible in the autumn? I feel that this will be the only thing that will ever bring me back from the Island. PRISCILLA.



Star Presse

A POLISH ACCORDION-PLAYER:  
LA BARCINSKA

La Barcinska has just left for South America after a long season as the rage of night-club Paris. She is a supreme exponent of her expressive, but complicated, instrument



## BY THE WATERS OF EUROPE



AT BADEN:  
MR. AND MRS. JOHN RUSSELL



THE HON. MRS. WALTER BLUNT-MACKENZIE  
AND MISS NORAH SHAW-TAYLOR



LADY JOAN VERNEY:  
ALSO AT BADEN



THE HON. SIR HARRY STONOR  
AND MRS. ARTHUR SOAMES



THE CASINO AT VITTEL



MADAME  
BOULUMIE



MADAME JEAN  
SCHNEIDER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. KENNETH  
COOPER AT VITTEL

Although people normally visit spas and places where they drink water to be cured of something, it must be admitted that the folk on this page appear far from unwell. This despite the fact that all those at the top of the page were at Baden-Baden and all those below at Vittel. Mr. and Mrs. John Russell were staying with Sir Nigel and Lady Campbell, Mrs. Russell's parents, on their way to Lake Garda. Mrs. Blunt-Mackenzie's husband is the younger son of the Countess of Cromartie; Lady Joan Verney, who was at the same resort, is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Desart. Sir Harry Stonor, Lord Camoys' uncle, is one of the best game-shots—if not the best—in England; Mrs. Soames is the châtelaïne of Sheffield Park, one of the "show places" of Sussex. Mme. Bouloumie's husband is a grandson of the man who revived Vittel as a spa in Crimean War days; Mme. Schneider is also a resident, her husband being a prominent local doctor. She was formerly Miss Marjorie Lane, of Chicago. Captain Cooper and his wife were snapped on the Casino terrace on their way to a picnic lunch



## LE TOUQUET BY NIGHT: A GALA OCCASION



MR. AND MRS. HUGH DE ROUGEMONT  
WERE IN A PARTY OF FOUR



MRS. WARWICK FAIRFAX WITH  
CAPTAIN OWEN HALL-HALL



MR. HENRY TIARKS AND HIS  
ACTRESS WIFE, JOAN BARRY



MR. F. W. TETLEY AND MRS.  
VICTOR MALCOLM (ANN TODD)

Sir Ian and Lady Malcolm's daughter-in-law thoroughly deserved a few days' relaxation at Le Touquet for she has been filming almost without cessation for months, and is soon to start being shot in the screen-version of that best-seller, "South Riding." Ann Todd's husband, very good-looking Mr. Victor Malcolm, is the second son of the house of Poltalloch

A gala night at the Hermitage during a recent week-end gave the camera plenty of opportunities for recording who was who at Le Touquet. Regulars included attractive Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont and her husband, who is the only son of Mr. Charles Irving de Rougemont, one of H.M.'s Lieutenants for the City of London. Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, wife of the proprietor of a well-known Australian newspaper, is a frequent visitor "this side," and always welcome. Mrs. Henry Tiarks, still known to most people by her stage name of Joan Barry, wore a red and pale green frock and looked delightful. Her husband is a partner in the banking firm of J. H. Schroeder, and they live near Chislehurst



MRS. VIVIAN CORNELIUS  
AND CAPTAIN HOGARTH

A peach-coloured tulle dress was Mrs. Vivian Cornelius's choice for gala night décor at the Hermitage. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius have been at Le Touquet a month, and constantly entertain. On this occasion their dinner guests included Captain Roland Findlay and his wife, for whom see below. Captain Findlay, who was at Le Touquet primarily for polo-playing purposes, is a unit of the Scots Greys regimental team



MR. JOHN TURNER AND MRS. CLIFFORD

Look above for one of the popular Kingsmills, the erstwhile Miss Diana Kingsmill, whose marriage to Mr. Frederick Clifford, formerly Coldstream Guards, took place in 1930. Mrs. Clifford, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Kingsmill, Squire of Symondton, is a sister of Mrs. Frank (Reynoldstown) Furlong and of Mrs. Jack Purbrick, a recent bride. The Princess Bishnu of Nepal (see left) is the wife of Major General Bishnu Shumshere Jung, Prince of Nepal. Her Highness takes a tremendous interest in polo, and did audience to many of the London matches this season. Le Touquet has also lately been staging some polo worth watching



H.H. THE PRINCESS BISHNU OF NEPAL  
AND MR. ARTHUR DAVID



MRS. ROLAND FINDLAY WITH  
MR. VIVIAN CORNELIUS





### RONDEL OF TWO OLD FISHERMEN

Horace W. Nichols

"Fishin' ain't what it used to be,  
Them good old times is lost an' done;  
An' as for you an' me, old son,  
We gits no younger, sartinly!"—  
"Seems like the fish is gone, to me.  
Maybe them trawlers spoil our run,  
Wreckin' the spawnin' beds, ye see,

Killin' a hundred fish for one."—  
"But still, the old life's kind o' free,  
Wi' wind an' sail an' wave an' sun.  
An' we'll go on like we begun.  
O' course we couldn' leave the sea!  
Fishin' ain't what it used to be!"

A. M. HARBORD





### THE DEE ABOVE BRAEMAR: HIS MAJESTY

The King—God bless him!—has a hoose faur off in London  
Toon

Wi' never a heather brae in sicht nor high blue tops abune:  
He hasna' e'en a wheen o' firs to sing against the breeze—  
Aye, no-but planes an' sycamores an' daft-like Southron trees!

Auld father Thames is big an' strong, an' opulent forbye,  
Wi' muckle docks along the bank whaur dirty steamers lie,  
An' windin'-slow he rolls along, all mucky, to the sea:  
An' would a King no leave the Thames an' come to bonny  
Dee?





## IS NOW IN RESIDENCE AT NEARBY BALMORAL

Copyright Alex. B. Beattie

For, oh, the Dee goes flowin' doon by tow'rin' silent hills,  
Wi' brown an' slumberin' pools an' runs an' dickerin' shinin'  
rills.

The curlew whistles in the glen, an' whaur the mountain-rose  
Creeps low beside the hardy ling the moorcock laughs an' crows.

The wind comes rampin' doon the hills, a-shoutin' from afar,  
To flutter out the splendid flag new-broken in Braemar,  
An', silver in the woody strath, the happy river sings  
The ancient song o' bonny Dee to charm the care  
o' kings.

A. M. HARBORD



## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

The Hon. Mrs. Smith and Fiona  
keeping a camera appointment



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF LORD PLUNKET'S SISTER AND NIECE



THE HON. MRS. SMITH AND HER DAUGHTER

Lord Plunket's third sister has been married to Lieut.-Colonel H. F. E. Smith since 1923. Fiona is their only child, but this attractive thirteen-year-old can hardly miss brothers and sisters, for she possesses a small army of first cousins, some fifteen strong. She is also related to the large Dufferin clan, through her maternal grandmother, Lady Victoria Braithwaite, and there are Guinness connections, too. Lieut.-Colonel Smith, D.S.C., who, as one of H.M.'s Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, was on duty in the Abbey during the Coronation ceremony, used to be in the 60th. After serving with his Corps throughout the Great War he was A.D.C. to the G.O.C. 6th Division and then Military Secretary to the G.O.C. British troops in Egypt. Lieut.-Colonel Smith retired two years ago. He and his wife and daughter live in Pelham Street when in London

*Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*



## SHOWS IN THE WEST COUNTRY



AT THE CRICKLADE SHOW: MR. F. UNWIN, SIR PERCY LAURIE AND MAJOR W. L. BONN (JUDGES)



CAPTAIN M. OXLEY, MR. HERBERT NELL, M.F.H. (CRICKLADE), MRS. OXLEY AND LORD CADOGAN, M.F.H.



MRS. E. M. VAUGHAN, M.F.H., THE HON. ANNE LEWIS AND PADDY AT WITHINGTON

CAPTAIN MAUNSELL AND MISS K. SALTMARSH AT WITHINGTON

AT CRICKLADE: LADY WRIGHT (RIGHT), ONE OF HER PUPILS, AND TWO WINNERS



(INSET) MR. A. MITCHELL

(ON RIGHT) MAJOR AND MRS. AUBREY JOHNSON AND THEIR TRIPPLETS



These shows in the West went extraordinarily well and at both of them they had very long schedules to get through, but, with highly expert people to do the judging, there was no great difficulty. Sir Percy Laurie, now a country gentleman instead of a policeman, was helping things along at the Cricklade (V.W.H.) Show, and is seen with two more of the judges, and the two Cricklade Masters are standing by in the picture alongside. Mrs. Vaughan, in one of the Withington snapshots, is the Albrighton Master and the Hon. Anne Lewis a Monmouthshire one. Mr. A. Mitchell is a former Cotswold Master, and Lady Wright is one of the Tedworth Masters (with Sir Gordon Ley). Major and Mrs. Aubrey Johnson and their triplets, Jeremy, Benjamin, and Felicity, are over on "leave" from South Africa and seemed to enjoy every minute of it at the Withington Show



# Pictures in the Fire



THE M.C.C. XI. v. ALDERSHOT COMMAND

Crisp

A team of soldiers which recently played the M.C.C. at Aldershot. The names in the group are (standing): G. C. Melhuish, H. R. Crouch, W. S. Thompson, N. M. Jerram, B. T. A. Lowe, N. F. Turner; (seated) the Rev. K. Sherlock, D. Roberts, Major the Hon. E. G. French (captain), Col. W. M. Turner and Major R. S. M. White

IT has been said ere now that the only real friendship is a beef and mutton one (ref. Lord Ladythorne and Major Yammerton), and it seems this is going to prove to be true where Beef and Spaghetti are concerned. Anyway, I sincerely hope so, for it is full time that two old friends stopped making faces at one another. It is always a waste of time to do unnecessary things at necessary moments.

A former Chief Clerk of Bow Street does not think that it is quite cricket that prisoners in the dock should have their minds befogged by the complicated legal verbiage which is so often hurled at them by counsel and other lawyers, and pleads for more directness of speech. He goes even further than this, and says that if there were no other way of making the prisoner understand what is said against him than by using the very coarsest and even obscene language, the court should not shrink from employing it.

taking the pipes by the horns and adventuring the opinion that they came to Europe from India. In a letter to our respected and ancient friend the *Morning Post*, the Hon. Ruairidh Erskine has said that he believes that this is "probable." If I had no Celtic blood in my veins I should not have the daring to add even my mite to the discussion. As it is, however, I should like to contribute. All the old "Piffer" regiments used their own pipes and drums to play a quick-step called the *Zakh Ma Dil*. My spelling may not be faultless, but that is what it is like phonetically.

There is no bag to this pipe, but the actual sound is the same as the Scottish and Irish pipes of to-day. The Frontier people are mostly hill-men and, like the Scots and the Irish, very warlike and afraid of nothing. The *Zakh Ma Dil* is a martial tune, and it always struck me as suggesting a wee bittie of bloody-mindedness. I do not remember what the words of the whole song are, but the general impression the tune makes on you is: "Mind your eye, for I am coming"! It may date back to the days of the crack regiments of the army of King Porus and the Battle of Jhelum. I suggest that Sir Walford or



AT THE RECENT EATON TENNIS WEEK Captain Hillyard and the Princess Pless faced up to the camera without a quiver in between sets at the recent heat-wave Eaton tennis week which the Duke of Westminster gave for a house-party of his friends

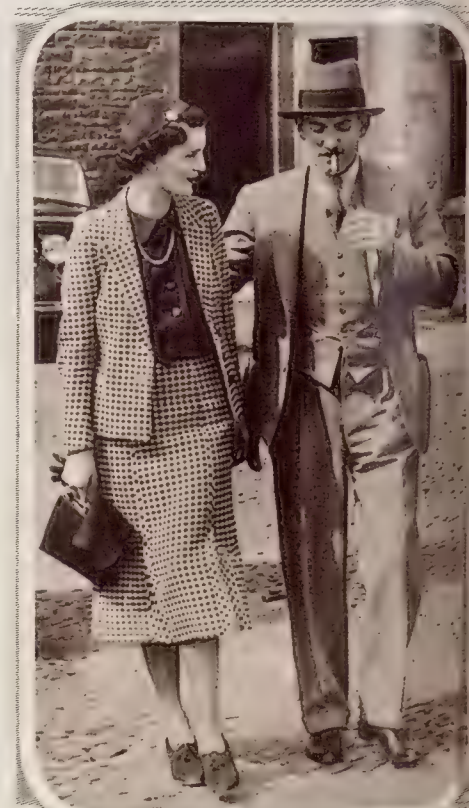


Howard Barrett

SIR IAN WALKER'S HOUSE-PARTY AT OSMASTON MANOR

The house-party above were recently with Sir Ian Walker at Osmaston, Derbyshire. Sir Ian Walker is Joint-Master of the Meynell, and has hunted with the old "Hoar Cross" hounds for years, ever since a boy, in fact

In the group are (seated): Lady Brigid King-Tenison, Miss P. Schreiber, Miss Heber-Percy, Mrs. Sanford, Mme. C. de Bosdari, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Byass and Mrs. Gwyn Walker; (second row) Mr. W. H. Whitbread, Major P. Major, Mr. P. Moseley, Mr. R. A. Budgett, Mr. G. W. Williams, Mr. E. R. Budgett, Mr. J. Lovegrove, Major F. W. Byass; (at back) Lord Barnby, Capt. M. H. E. Lopes, Mr. A. David, Sir Ian Walker, Major S. C. Deed, Mr. A. E. Crisar, Mr. S. Sanford and Capt. Reid Walker



Clapperton

AT THE BUCCLEUCH PUPPY SHOW AT ST. BOSWELL'S, KELSO

Lord and Lady William Scott at the Kennels for the puppy show of the Duke's fine pack of hounds. Lord William Scott is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, and married Lady Rachel Home last April



By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT EATON

Three of the gallery at the Duke of Westminster's recent tennis week at Eaton, Cheshire, and the names in the picture are (l. to r.); Lady Delamere, one of Lord George Scott's daughters, Miss Barbara Reiss and Miss Kirk

my old and trusted friend Omar Khay-yám Secundus (Denison Ross) might come to the rescue if they can. Anyway, it is as fine and inspiring (for purposes of making people to march to war) as any of the Scottish marches, and Mr. Erskine thus may be encouraged to pursue his re-searches. I hope that he will.

The Frontier people invariably use these pipes and drums as an accompaniment to a thing called a Katak dance. It is performed in a ring and usually round a fire, and, for choice, as I have gathered, after they have had a thoroughly hard day at the battle, murder and sudden death business, when most people would far rather sit down, smoke a pipe and drink S. and T. rum mixed with hot water and S. and T. lime juice, that looks just like the stuff they put in the axle-boxes of railway carriages and, I think, must taste much the same.

I have never tried engine-grease. Hardship, however, leads us into some strange capers in the



Criep

THE ALDERSHOT COMMAND XI. v. M.C.C.

Another team of soldiers who formed the opposition to the M.C.C. team seen on the opposite page. (Standing) W. A. R. Summer, S. A. Gordon, R. Page, H. M. Prince, G. W. Cox, W. E. Yates; (seated) A. A. Egerton-Jones, Major F. E. Hugonin, Major E. L. Armitage (captain), C. P. Hamilton and Capt. E. W. Towsey

way of drink and food. All the Gurkha regiments have always taken most kindly to the Scottish pipes and play them very well. The Gurkhas are also hill-men. The impressive fact is that they love pipe music. As to kilts, which go with the pipes, only those who live in such draughty places can tell us why they prefer them to the more prosaic trousers. Primitive man wore a kilt because there were no tailors in those times who could cut trousers, which, comparatively speaking, are a modern and, of course, very ugly invention, but a providential one for many. None of Rome's fine fighting regiments wore trousers, nor did the Greeks, and even Alexander's Cavalry and Mounted Bowmen knew nothing about them. What hardy wights they must have been! Some of us find it pretty hard going, or sitting, even in the well-cut breeches we have to-day. Even if Alexander's people wore trews, it must have been bad when the time came for them to get into their hot baths.



Clapperton

ALSO LORD AND LADY HADDINGTON AND DAUGHTER, LADY MARY BAILLIE-HAMILTON

The daughter in the picture is Lord and Lady Haddington's only child. Lord Haddington used to be in the Greys, and when the regiment was at Edinburgh they made up a big contingent of the Buccleuch field and patronised a country and a pack of hounds which are the best north of the Tweed



THE FREE FORESTERS' NORTHERN IRISH TOUR

The Free Foresters' host was Mr. D. C. Lindsay, President of the Irish Cricket Union. In the final match against Northern Ireland, when the Foresters needed 152 to win in 1 hour 25 minutes, M. K. Foster played the winning stroke as the climax of 101, not out, in 1 hour 7 minutes! The names are (back row): D. S. Carmichael, C. A. F. Fiddian-Green, A. D. Baxter, B. S. Foster, J. T. H. Comber; (second row) W. M. Welch, R. B. Skelton, M. Howell, I. Akers-Douglas, E. H. Hawkins, J. P. Dewhurst; (sitting) Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Mrs. Cecil Lindsay, M. K. Foster, D. C. Lindsay, Mrs. A. D. Baxter, Miss Lindsay; (front row) R. D. M. Evers, Miss C. Lindsay, W. B. Foster



## LAWN TENNIS ::

By  
"RABBIT"

IT is an ironical truth that now that high summer has come at last to England and all over the country a blazing sun pours down indiscriminately on exclusive tennis clubs and park courts alike, when I went to Queen's Club, the most exclusive club of them all, to watch the schoolboys taking part in their annual contest, it was to discover them, not enjoying themselves on the grass courts, but floundering about on the Sahara-like sand into which the row of hard courts had transformed themselves, not surprisingly, through the torrid violence of the heat.

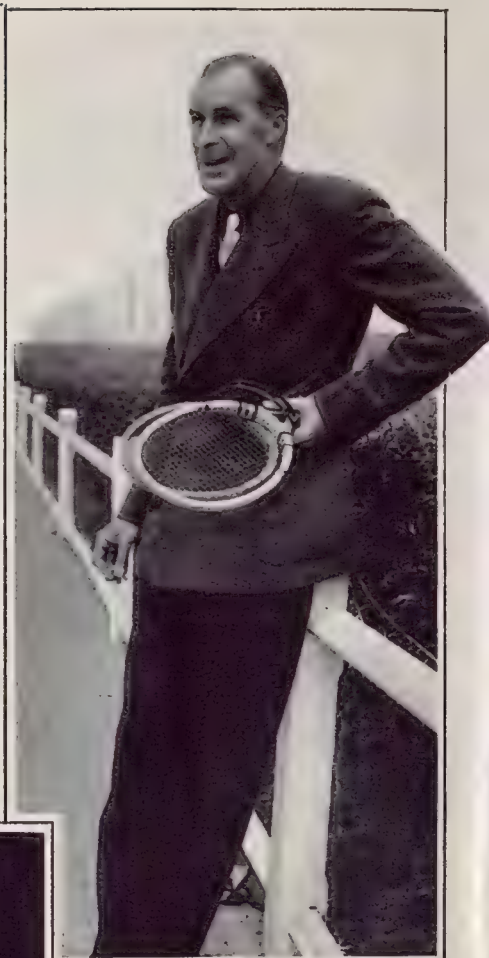
And was it hot! On the finals day, the evening posters were announcing the hottest day for four years as I got out of the tube at Baron's Court. Even the hundred yards' walk from the station to the ground made me long to be able to take off my tie, no school tie though it was. And I could not help my heart going out in sympathy to J. Michelmore, of Charterhouse, the ultimate winner of the MacLeod Public School Cup, and even more so to A. C. Dobbs, of Magdalen College School, Oxford. Not simply because the latter was only the runner-up instead of the winner, but because, in order to reach the position in the final at all, Dobbs had already played five sets and sixty-three games in singles and doubles before his time came to challenge the Carthusian. No wonder, in consequence, that he served many doubles and lost all control over his back-hand, so that the match was quickly over.

It would be idle to pretend that the standard of play was very high. Indeed, I found much more promise myself in the performance of G. F. Paish, of Whitgift Middle School, who carried off the under-sixteen event and should easily follow up this success with another one in the senior event when, in due course, he qualifies. He already has a very good idea of how and when to volley, unlike some of the competitors in both events who wandered about that portion of the court known as no man's land, and could not understand why, under such circumstances, the ball kept on yorking them. Another point which interested me about young Paish's game was that he has copied Vivian McGrath in the way he played his back-hand, taking both hands to it, and most successfully, too.

One wondered whether this action had come naturally to the boy, or whether he had seen the Australian play somewhere, as other boys see Sutcliffe, and try to fashion their own style on that of their god and master. Or whether he had received coaching lessons from someone with modernistic views on the game. But one thing is certain: the winner of the under-sixteen event was one of the very few boys whose game betrayed even the elements of any technique founded on the laws that govern first-class tennis, rather than on the schoolboy's instinct for making use of a good eye, a brave heart and a pair of swift, sturdy, optimistic legs.

And, in consequence, it was impossible to feel any confidence that out of this mêlée of different blazers and many versions of a natural style would emerge in due course half-a-dozen prospective Davis Cup players. At the same time, I think it is a little hard to blame the boys for the depressing truth that, so far from the standard in their annual tournament getting higher every year, to-day it is far below the standard of the years when H. K. Lester, J. S. Olliff, E. R. Avery and, of course, Bunny Austin brought a crowd of hopeful sportsmen

and excited spectators to watch their final matches. I know that during the last week or so several of our more acidulated critics, accustomed only to sit on the front line of some senior tournament, where the atmosphere is compounded of gloom and grim determination, have expressed with some asperity their astonishment that the boys should have taken their matches so light-heartedly; that they did not seem to mind very much whether they won or lost. Was this the way to uphold their school's tradition outside



"BIG BILL" TILDEN

Photographed at Deauville, where his lawn-tennis troupe has lately been in action and in fine form. Before he turned professional William Tilden was largely responsible for keeping the Davis Cup in America from 1920 to 1927, and he deservedly ranks among the greatest players of all time

the college gates? Was this the way to encourage the interest of the L.T.A.'s coaching eye?

To which I would like to retort: If you want to make schoolboys take their tennis seriously, you must first encourage them to do so by treating the game on the same level as you would treat cricket or football or rowing. And when the boys arrive at Queen's Club to take part in the tournament, you should not blunt the edge of their enthusiasm by making them play on hard instead of grass courts, so that the dust and the heat coming up from the ground chokes their lungs and makes them feel completely lethargic before the first two games are over. As for trying to attack from the

net, in the best approved modern style, no wonder the boys clung lazily to their bases, considering that every step forward you take on a hard court at this time of the year you feel as though you are slipping two steps backwards. Again, any medical authority who has specialised in looking after the health of youngsters will tell you that it is little short of criminal to make boys in their teens play several gruelling matches one after the other, until they can hardly stand up from exhaustion. It was not the fault of the referee at Queen's Club. On the contrary, he very humanely ordered a maximum interval between the decision of the semi-final and the final round, but what he could not do was to prevent

(Continued on page ii)



THE R.N. AND R.M. TEAM, WINNERS OF THE INTER-SERVICES CHAMPIONSHIP

In a very close fight the Royal Navy and Royal Marines lawn-tennis team won this year's inter-Services contest at Wimbledon, thereby robbing the Army of a title held since 1930. The totals were R.N. and R.M. 7 wins; Army, 6; R.A.F., 5. The names in this group are (standing): Lt.-Com. F. E. Chevallier, Comm. E. J. Clifford, and Capt. R. R. C. Hoare, R.M.; (sitting) Lt.-Com. E. J. Mockler, Capt. P. E. Glover, R.M., who captained the team, and Lt. W. D. Muspratt. The latter, who is singles champion of the Royal Navy, beat the Army champion, Capt. G. O. Jameson, 6-3, 2-6, 6-4



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THE HURLINGHAM TEAM  
WINS IN DUBLIN

The above team, which was three-parts Gunner and half the Gunner Inter-Regimental side, won all the way in Dublin Horse Show week, and had just beaten Dublin County when the above was taken

The names (l. to r.) are: Captain Todd (R.A.), Captain B. J. Fowler (R.H.A.), Major T. Amott (15/19th Hussars), and Major J. C. Campbell (R.A.)

**B**RIG-GEN. R. L. RICKETTS and many other very admirable and knowledgeable people have been, and still are, concerned about the state of polo in England, and ascribe our failures to (a) repel the invader, and (b) to find a team of sufficient class to form an invading force for, say, Argentina, to various causes: the expense of polo, the wrong construction of teams, the use of good material in the wrong place, the lack of recruits, the fading in the brilliance of former stars, and the shortness of our season in London.

All these deterrents are in some degree present, and all combined form a pretty serious clog upon the wheel of progress. But boil them all down and then do the necessary skimming, and what do you find? Not enough Time! Last season, when we wanted time more than ever, what did we get? Washed out! This season it was nearly the end of May before anything worth anything could be done. That left us June, good only in spots, and July not a lot better. It only began to be really consistently dry late in July and early in August. How on earth anyone can hope to make first-class bricks with so little straw hardly needs any argument. You cannot do it. You cannot "make" a team by just pitchforking it into a tournament before the component units hardly know one another by sight, so far as their little polo idiosyncrasies are concerned; and the four most brightly scintillating stars in the world, with a stud of sixty of the best ponies ever lapped in leather, could not be relied upon to make themselves into a team inside of a month, which is what they would have to do to be ready to go into battle in the second available month.

These facts being hardly disputable, at what is it we arrive? Why this: that, putting all else aside, we must have an all-weather ground, or grounds, where the spade-work can be done. Someone has accused me, quite unjustly, of

## POLO NOTES : By "SERREFILE"

being "destructive." This is the first time that that has ever been hurled at me, and also it is not true, for if there is one thing I have fought for for over twenty years, it is some means by which English polo can be given a better chance in its tussle with our wet and Western climate. Preparation for either domestic or foreign war cannot possibly be carried on if there is no surface upon which it can be done. Whatever other difficulties there may be, this is the big one. Remove it, and you give everyone a better chance. You can no more play polo on a ploughed field than you can play cricket or croquet. Furthermore, practice or play on a soggy ground is bad for the operator and also ruins his confidence and, maybe, his nerve also. It certainly retards his education. The rain robs us of so much Time that we have got to find a slop to catch the rain. There is only one that will do it—an all-weather ground. So I suggest for, possibly, the hundredth or two hundredth time, that before we try to cure any other defects from which our polo may, and of course does suffer, we have got to beat Time.

Take the case of any All-England team. It is partially assembled the year before, but usually it is not played as an All-England "test" side; it disperses during the winter; comes the spring and the whole country is a snipe bog till the end of May. The side is wanted fit and ready inside a month to take on a team from a land where they can practise practically all the year round.

Brig.-Gen. Ricketts tackles things from another view-point: "The Fallacy of Playing Anywhere." The General, of course, is right when he says in his letter in *The Times*:

The fundamental defect of English polo at the present time is the intense disorder reigning among the players during a game, there being little if any sign of any player understanding the duties of his position and keeping to them. . . . No player can do himself real justice unless he makes a continuous study of a certain

place and keeps to it. Changes from one place to another inevitably lead to muddled thinking and ill-defined method. Once a player's mastery of a place is complete, he can, if he possesses the qualities necessary to an instructor, coach others to keep their places.

He then goes for the "star" bald-headed and (*Polo Monthly*) accuses him of declining to sacrifice personal prominence to the good of his side. He then roundly accuses the team-builders of having misplaced Captain H. P. Guinness. The General writes:

Surely when Guinness first came into real prominence in the International practice matches at the Beaufort Club in 1930, it must have been evident that he was a born No. 3 of the very best type—that is, hard-hitting, hard-going, aggressive. Neither by temperament, tactical method nor quality of stroke was he in any way a back. Yet to back he was sent, not merely at that time, but by successive boards of selectors and side organizers, who appear to have been continually under the spell of the long-kicking Association Football technique. The fact that certain well-known successful backs have been of this type is no proof that they would not have done better work elsewhere.

There was, of course, another very obvious mistake in misplacing in the International side, but I am afraid it was a case of *faute de mieux*. If we had had a No. 1 of the class of Mr. R. Skene of the Goulburn team, the story might have been different, if we had had the chance to give the good team which would then have resulled all the time it

(Continued on page 326)



THE ALL-IRELAND TEAM

This side was another of Hurlingham's victims and was beaten 4—3 for the All-Ireland Challenge Cup. The names are (l. to r.): Mr. J. Martin, Major T. W. Kirkwood, Mr. John McCann and Mr. J. A. Leonard

Poole, Dublin





*When you mix your long drinks . .*

**I***HINK OF THE COOL CELLARS*  
*THAT HAVE BROUGHT BOOTH'S GIN*  
*TO MATURITY*



Let the long shadows that remind you of long drinks remind you too of Booth's. For it is in the solitude of cool cellars that Booth's grows slowly old and round and mellow. Who cares what fills the glass so long as Booth's comes first!

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JOAN CRAWFORD, STAR OF "THE BRIDE WORE RED"

No sooner had she recovered from being "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" than the hard-worked star was pounced upon to be the heroine in the newest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "The Bride Wore Red," founded on Ferenc Molnar's stage play, "The Girl from Trieste." The film is not finished yet, but the heat in California being just as exhausting as it is in London, Joan Crawford was ordered to relax, and above she is seen doing it at her Hollywood house at Brentwood

**M**OSE and his wife had separated. Knowing that Mrs. Mose was not at home, a neighbour's suspicions were aroused when she saw Mose slip stealthily over the back fence and disappear into the house.

Deciding to investigate, she hurried round to the front gate and met the grass-widower emerging with a wash-tub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a washboard and wringer after him.

"What yo' gwine do wid dem?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Pawn 'em!" was the emphatic reply. "Dat woman ain't gwine to vamp no other man wid mah weddin' presents!"

**T**his story comes from America: A man went into a pet shop to buy a parrot.

"Here is a fine talking bird," said the assistant. "For years she was the companion of a big movie producer—weren't you, Polly?"

"Yes, sir!" shrilled the parrot. "Yes, yes, yes! Yes, indeed! You're absolutely right. Yes, sir!"

**A** young mother was out with her small son one morning, when she saw that a dog had been run over. She accordingly rushed the child into a near-by shop. The small boy's eyes were full of tears.

"Don't cry, dear," she said. "I don't think the little dog is much hurt—only a little bit bruised, perhaps."

"I'm crying because you brought me in here," said the boy reproachfully. "You know I've never seen a dog run over!"

**A**n Englishman, on a visit to the United States, wanted to return to his native land with a really good example of American wit. His visit was over and he had not found one example. As he left the Waldorf Hotel in New York, he made one last despairing effort.

"Do you know any good jokes?" he asked the clerk at the desk.

The clerk thought for a moment. "No, sir," he replied at last, "but I know a good riddle. My father has a son who is not my brother. Who is he?"

The Englishman couldn't solve it, and said so.

"Myself," announced the clerk.

The departing visitor smiled and memorised the riddle for future reference. When he joined the bosom of his family he decided to work the riddle off.

"My father has a son who is not my brother. Who is he?" he asked.

His family gave it up.

"Why," cried the returned wanderer, "the clerk of the Waldorf Hotel in New York!"



LYNNE CARVER, ALSO IN "THE BRIDE WORE RED"

This most promising young player is one of the supporting cast in Joan Crawford's new M.-G.-M. picture, and, they say, has the best chance of her career so far. Other stars with Joan Crawford are Franchot Tone and Robert Young

**T**wo Arctic explorers were comparing notes on their various expeditions.

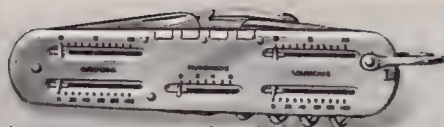
"On one of my trips," remarked the first, "it was so cold that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

"That's nothing to write home about," said his rival. "Where we were once the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

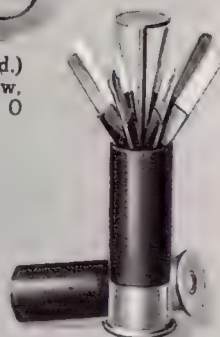


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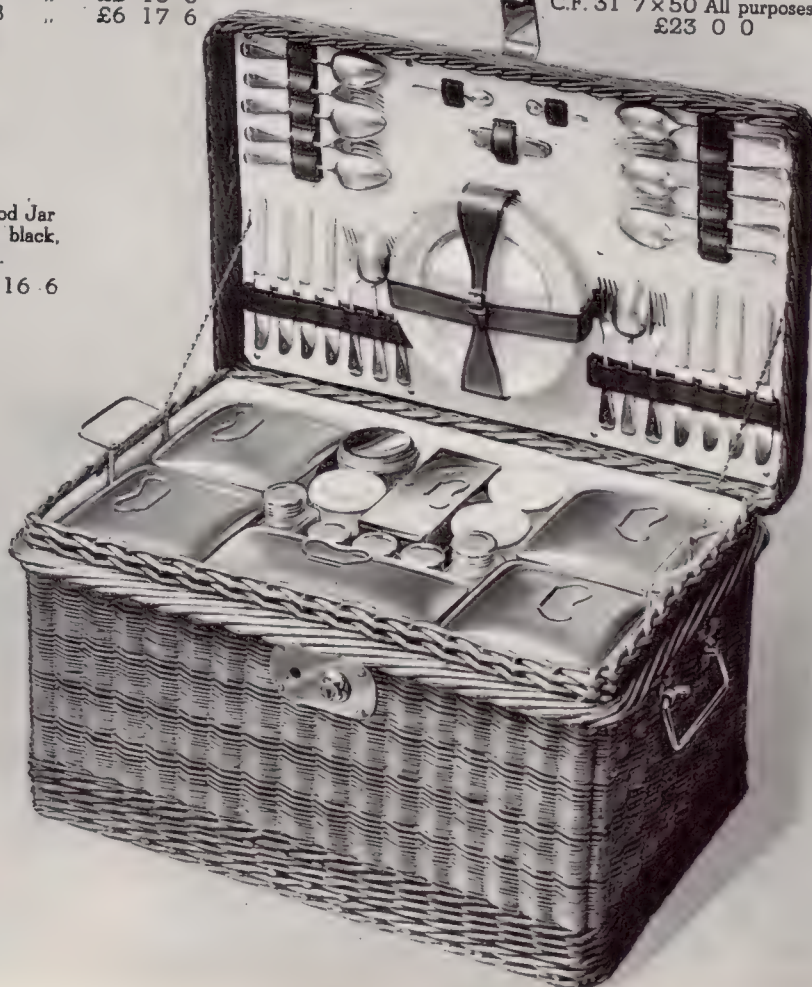


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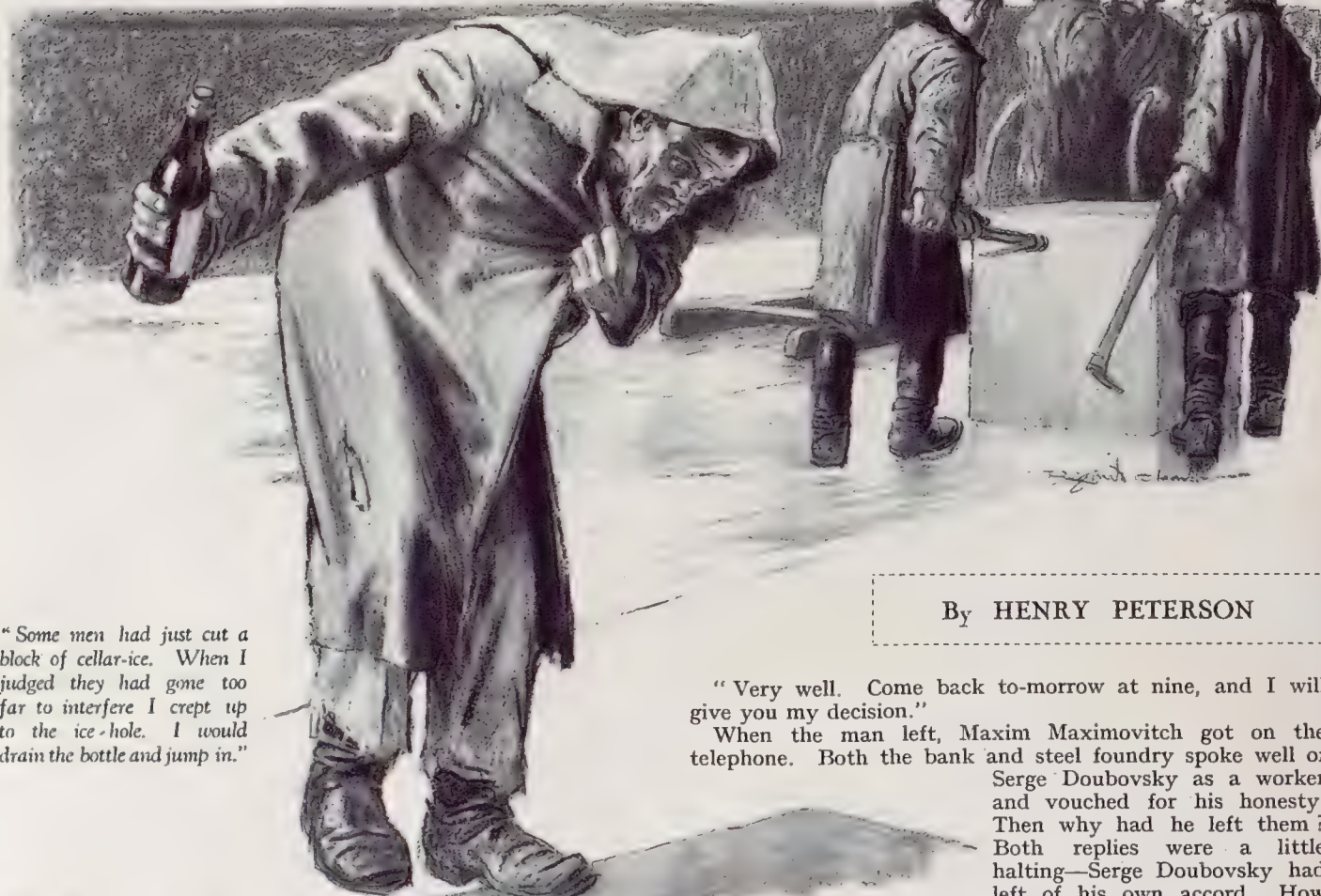


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## THE ICE-HOLE



"Some men had just cut a block of cellar-ice. When I judged they had gone too far to interfere I crept up to the ice-hole. I would drain the bottle and jump in."

By HENRY PETERSON

"Very well. Come back to-morrow at nine, and I will give you my decision."

When the man left, Maxim Maximovitch got on the telephone. Both the bank and steel foundry spoke well of Serge Doubovsky as a worker and vouched for his honesty. Then why had he left them? Both replies were a little halting—Serge Doubovsky had left of his own accord. How long did he stay? "Close on two years," was the identical phrase of both.

"H'm," muttered Maxim Maximovitch, as he hung up, "a really mathematical fellow, it seems."

The handsome man was punctual the next morning, but his charm now only increased the quiet man's suspicions.

"Why have you come to me for a job?"

"As a boy, I saw you play ice-hockey for Russia."

"Oh! . . . Here, or in Moscow?"

"In Moscow." The stern lips slowly curled into a smile.

"Yes, that was against Germany."

"I also knew you ski-ed and fenced for Russia," Serge Doubovsky went on. "I used to play a few games myself."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"Very well. The job is yours."

For a year the new man worked extremely well. Six months later he was made chief book-keeper. Then one morning he did not turn up. Maxim Maximovitch, who had got to like the steady bachelor, thought he must be ill and perhaps had no one to send.

A week passed. A clerk went to enquire, who reported that Serge Doubovsky was ill, but there seemed to be something strange about the landlady's replies to his questions.

Maxim Maximovitch went himself to the lodging-house.

He found his book-keeper in his unaired room mumbling to himself, then cackling, clawing the air with his hands, pickled in drink, lurching about on a very carpet of empty vodka bottles, while a platoon of full ones stood in a corner.

He had been drunk the whole week. So that was the mystery! When, a fortnight later, he had still not turned up, Maxim Maximovitch dismissed him from his mind. The poor wretch when he came to had obviously been too ashamed to show his face again.

(Continued on page 320)

MAXIM MAXIMOVITCH LESOFF, who mass-produced 15,000,000 horse-shoes a year, did a peculiar thing in the eyes of his staff that sunny morning. His heavy six-foot figure was seen on the parapet of his highest building.

He was surveying Vassily Ostroff below him, that largest of the St. Petersburg islands, which had become an important industrial district. Maxim Maximovitch wanted to be ready for expansion. A friend on the General Staff was sure that the Great War would now come certainly within four years, perhaps in two. He smiled. There was enough cheap ground around and the Germans would never get to St. Petersburg.

He was going through the waiting-room back to his office, when from a chair rose a tall, slender man whose intelligent face made him stop.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" he asked.

The man gave an easy, charming smile. "I am looking for work."

Maxim Maximovitch thought a moment. "Can you keep books?" That morning the quiet disciplinarian had sacked his under-book-keeper for a very mild Russian indulgence, just an afternoon's drunkenness.

"That is my job, Maxim Maximovitch."

"Come into my office."

Seated with the light behind him, Maxim Maximovitch Lesoff had a good look at an applicant who had taken the trouble to find out his name. It seemed strange he was out of a job, clean-looking, even austere, as he was. The experienced employer's nose smelt something mysterious about the man. Then he noticed a pair of powerful, capable hands.

"Well," he said, "it so happens I am needing a book-keeper, but, of course, I shall have to take up your references. Will you give me, say, two?"

"With pleasure, Maxim Maximovitch." The man gave a bank and a steel foundry, and his own name.



The last guest  
departs  
and  
you suddenly realise  
how tired  
you are . . .



back  
in the drawing-room  
that  
final cigarette together  
seems  
to complete  
that feeling  
of  
lazy contentment . . .



—a perfect end  
to  
a grand party  
—and so to bed.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



## THE ICE-HOLE—(Continued from page 318)

A year later, when Maxim Maximovitch was going to Moscow for a big Army deal, a man plucked his sleeve as he stepped from his carriage before the station.

It was a tall tramp, with a clean, tidy beard. He looked into the pouchy, grey eyes. It was Serge Doubovsky.

"Well?"

"Maxim Maximovitch, forgive me for what I did. May I ask an Easter present from you?"

"I can't stop you asking."

"There's a job waiting for me in Moscow. But I haven't the fare." His old boss looked at the clean beard. "Very well. It's about four roubles." He gave five.

"God bless you, Maxim Maximovitch!"

On Christmas Eve, Maxim Maximovitch was driving out of his factory gates to go home to lunch, with parcels around him for his wife and four children, when the carriage suddenly stopped. He looked out and saw an apparition standing in the snow. In spite of the blue lips, hollow eyes and the big stoop, he knew who it was.

"Maxim Maximovitch, may I speak to you?"

His old boss looked blankly at Serge Doubovsky and saw that in that temperature, thirty degrees below zero, the man had on only a pair of thin trousers, a piece of sacking on his head, and though his arms were clutching the front of his threadbare, single-breasted, buttonless overcoat, there was nothing underneath, neither coat nor even shirt. He raised a pleading hand and the coat parted. His dark-blue stomach was quivering like an electrocuted jelly-fish, rippling, jiggling convulsively, horribly.

"Maxim Maximovitch, you gave me an Easter present. Will you give me a Christmas present?"

Maxim Maximovitch gave a contemptuous laugh.

"What does a bottle of vodka cost—twenty kopecks? Here's twenty kopecks. When you've drunk that go and drown yourself. That's all you're fit for."

Serge Doubovsky took the twenty kopecks, staring, silent.

In the second year of the war, Maxim Maximovitch was making cavalry harness as well as horse-shoes, and the War Department at Moscow had asked for tenders from manufacturers for a quarter-of-a-million sets. He had sent in his lowest possible quotation without hope, for he knew by secret channels that a rival was undercutting. However, he received an official letter to go to Moscow to discuss his offer.

He was shown into an enormous room, at whose far end sat an officer alone, who rose as the door closed. A tall, elegant man in dazzling top-boots.

Maxim Maximovitch came to a halt and stared. It could not be. But it was—Serge Doubovsky.

"Yes, it is Serge Doubovsky, Maxim Maximovitch," he said, advancing, holding out his hand. The old boss could say nothing. "Please take this seat. Vodka?"

On a tray on a side-table were vodka and zakuski, and as Serge Doubovsky filled two glasses, Maxim Maximovitch saw the rank—Brigadier-General.

"To your health, Maxim Maximovitch!"

"To your health, General Doubovsky!"

"Another?"

"Please." As Maxim Maximovitch put down his glass he asked: "Tell me, Doubovsky, don't you fear?"

"No longer. I have broken the two-year sequence. But to business

first." He smiled in his old way. "I am accepting your estimate, although it is not the lowest. It is the least I can do after what you once did for me." The smile became uncertain. It wobbled, as it were.

"I—I thank you, but I—I—" stumbled the manufacturer, suspicious of that smile, suddenly fearing for his contract, even worse. He knew the slyness of a weakling's revenge.

"You mean to say"—Serge Doubovsky had instantly become very serious, even grim—"you mean to say you don't remember?"

"Well—er—I—"

"I'll tell you. No, not yet. First, let me tell you, I became the manager of a soap factory a few months before the war. They wouldn't take me for active service, because of my lungs, but they took me for my head for figures. Well, last month they did this comic thing—gave me this acting rank to make things easier in this office. Me, a soldier!" he laughed.

"Well, I must say—"

"I struck a good tailor and I'm long and thin, that's all. Well, I was telling you. Maxim Maximovitch, I am one of the lucky ones. By the time I was manager of that soap factory I had been married to the greatest woman on earth, and we now have a boy and a girl you must see this evening."

"I am glad."

"Oh! I have so much to tell you. Perhaps I will start at that two-year sequence, whose meaning you must have guessed. For six years before I came to you, every two years, to a month, I had a fit of drinking which lasted a fortnight or so. I can honestly assure you I was possessed of a devil at those times." He quietly crossed himself. "When the last fit but one was due I had already married and produced a son. I should have had a fit two months ago. Nothing happened."

"I am glad indeed."

"I have to thank you, Maxim Maximovitch, for everything."

"Me?"

Serge Doubovsky leant forward. "Don't you really remember what happened when we last met?" he asked earnestly.

Maxim Maximovitch nodded, no longer anxious, fascinated. The man was showing the strength of honesty.

"You gave me the price of a bottle of vodka and told me to drink it and drown myself."

"Obviously, you didn't," laughed Maxim Maximovitch.

"But I bought the vodka. I bought the vodka and thought I would die dramatically. I carried the bottle on to the Neva. The swift winter twilight was setting in. Some men had just cut a block of cellar-ice. When I judged they had gone too far to interfere I crept up to the ice-hole. I would drain the bottle and jump in."

"I looked into that black square. Then, out of the corner of my eye, to the left, I caught sight of the University buildings and the Academies of Art and Science, and out of the other corner, on the opposite bank, I caught sight of the Winter Palace, the Admiralty, the palaces of the Sheremeteffs and Shouvaloffs, and . . . the aspiring equestrian statue of Peter the Great. I saw that other men had not despaired, had risen to the greatest heights from nothing, and I saw that I was fit only to drown myself. I threw the bottle into the ice-hole instead."

"And after that?"

"From that night, Maxim Maximovitch, I began to fight,"—he held up his big fist—"to say 'I WILL!' That's all. Another vodka?"

THE END.



AT FRINTON: THE HON. MRS. JOHN BTHELL AND HER CHILDREN

The two children in the picture are Guy and Jennifer, but there is a third one, Patricia, who arrived in 1933. The Hon. John Bethell is Lord Bethell's son and heir and his wife is a daughter of the Hon. Sir James Connolly



# This England . . .



*Bodiam Castle, Sussex*

**I**T was to the great downland ridge that the fat rich Wealden country looked for protection from marauding carracks and brigantines from overseas. And where the southing rivers cut the glistening chalk, men built their strongholds to guard the valley ways. Battle and Bodiam, Hurstmonceaux and Arundel — the very names spell history. Well was the work done . . . turret and keep and lilled moat still stand in tribute to that steadfast watch. This steadfastness has preserved us other things besides our liberty — such comforts as that grand old English beer that you call Worthington — first brewed for the men who lived so hard and saw so clear.







GOING ALL NATIVE AT VELDEN, AUSTRIA

A gay party taken in the Hotel Excelsior at Velden am Wörthersee, when they all dressed up as something African. In the picture are (right to left) Sir Ian and Lady Fraser, he being the Member for St. Pancras; Col. G. B. Dacre, Mrs. K. Runciman, Capt. R. H. Bevan, Naval Attaché in Rome; Mrs. Dacre, Mr. W. L. Runciman, Mr. Kenneth Dacre and Miss M. Fraser

## Coming Events.

THOSE who keep their ears sufficiently close to the ground will already be able to detect a distant rumbling, which is nothing less than the first faint intimation of the 1937 Motor Exhibition. It opens on October 14th, and we owe the fact that we can hear it when it is as yet so far away to the change from Olympia to Earl's Court; a change which is every bit as good for the show as a pint of champagne and a biscuit at eleven o'clock in the morning for you and me. For it lifts the exhibition up and gives it novelty and spirit, and there is no doubt that a great many motor-car manufacturers are going to take the fullest advantage of the stimulus. A new car is interesting; but a new car shown in a new hall in a new way is more so. Earl's Court, which used to be associated with scenic railways and the Babylonian towers down which you come sitting on a mat, is now one of the finest display places ever built. It remains only to use it in the right way, with appropriate settings for the cars and a suitable general plan of decoration.

A good deal of criticism has been directed recently at the British section of the Paris exhibition, and from what I hear much of it is justified. The faults arise from the belief, widely held over here, that a good show can be provided with little effort. It seems to be thought that inspiration is an effective substitute for perspiration; but it is not true. And if the Motor Exhibition at Earl's Court in October is to obtain the highest possible rendering in commerce and publicity, much hard work will have to be done on devising the *décor*. With this preliminary I think we may confidently expect to see this year the best show of the entire series.

## Crescendo.

Before the opening day of the show there will be a series of car races of steadily increasing interest and these, too, will play an important part in directing attention to motoring. On the 28th of this month there is the 200-miles race at Donington, and I am told by the promoters that Earl Howe will be taking part in it. This is indeed good news, and it is also a notable tribute to the courage and stamina of the man, for his crash at the opening meeting of the Brooklands road

## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

course was a bad one and it looked at the time as if Lord Howe would be out of action for a season at least. It takes a person of immense psychological and physiological resilience to race again after a bad crash. Tazio Nuvolari is the classic example, for he raced in one of the big Continental events so soon after his bad crash that his legs were still in plaster of Paris. Lord Howe has shown that among English drivers there are some with as irrepressible a vitality as the great little Italian. His return to racing is one of the most admirable events of the season.

On September 4th there is the Tourist Trophy Race, which is being held in England for the first time, and which ought to attract record crowds to the lengthened Donington course. Shelsley Walsh hill climb is on September 11th, the 500-miles race on the 18th, and the Donington Grand Prix on October 2nd. On October 9th there is a Crystal Palace race meeting, and on the 16th, after the Motor Exhibition has opened, there is a Brooklands meeting. So everything conspires together to build up the interest towards the opening of the first Motor Exhibition to be held at Earl's Court.

## Pedestrianism.

There is pedestrianism as a means of locomotion, there is pedestrianism as a sport and, finally, there is pedestrianism as a profession. Professional pedestrians are those who make it their business to stir up as much ill-feeling as possible between walkers and users of wheeled vehicles. They are in a small minority, but they are exceedingly vocal. The



AT THE BLACK WATCH CRICKET MATCH AT PERTH

This picture was taken the day "The Watch" played the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Doo'cot Park, and left to right are Brig-Gen. A. J. Reddie, who formerly commanded the Black Watch and Gordons Territorial Brigade; Lady Moncreiffe, and her son, Sir David Moncreiffe, who is the tenth Baronet

consequence is that, when pedestrians have a genuine grouse, it is apt to be passed over because of the mass of professional pseudo-grouses. One genuine grouse is that against the motor driver who does not give a sufficiently big margin between his vehicle and the walker in country roads.

(Continued on page 326)

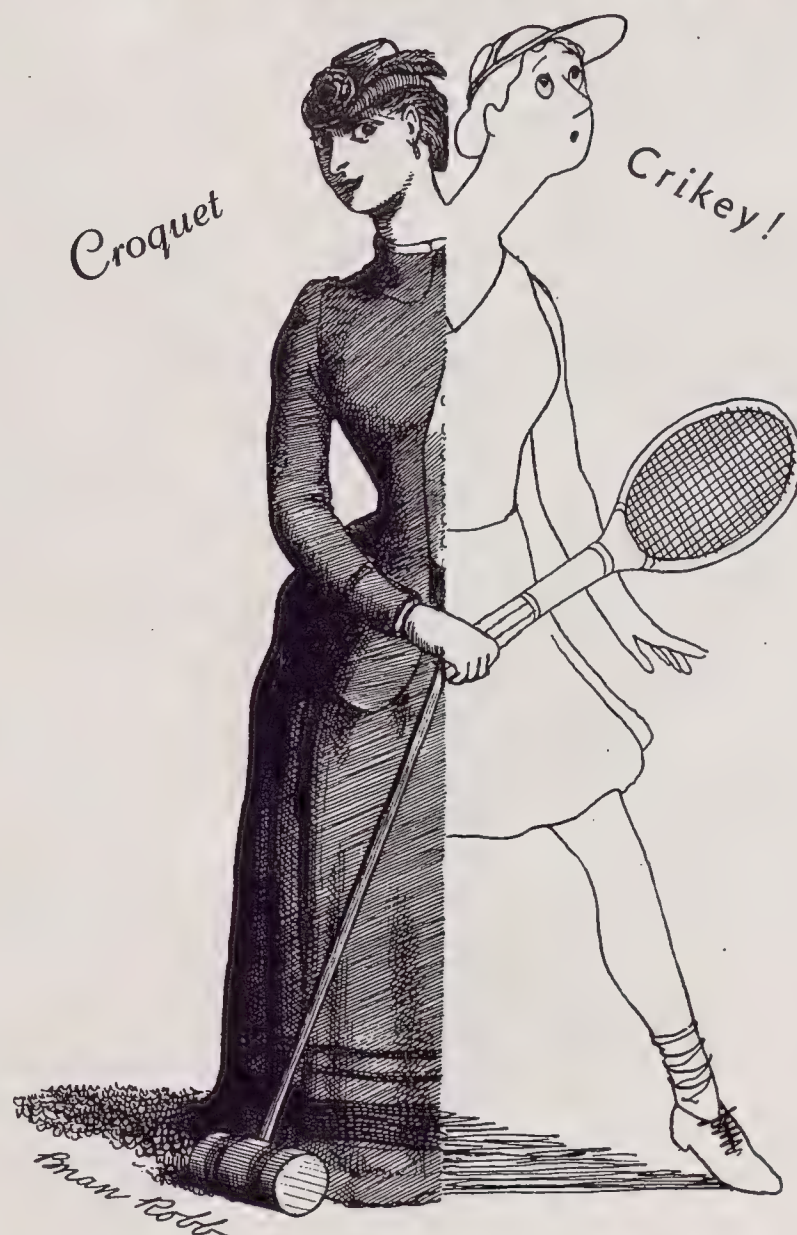


ALSO AT THE MATCH: SIR TORQUIL AND LADY MUNRO

Sir Torquil and Lady Munro motored over from Lindertis, their Forfarshire house at Kirriemuir, and are here seen arriving on the field of battle. Lady Munro is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. O. Hunter, of Garrows, Amulree, Perthshire



# TIMES CHANGE



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#### DISCUSSING THE AIR "WAR"

A picture taken on the night of August 9-10. Sir John Steele, Lt.-Col. Muirhead, Under-Secretary for Air, Sir Hugh Dowding, Air Officer C.-in-C., and Lord Swinton, the Secretary of State for Air, reading a map, when Lord Swinton visited Uxbridge Aerodrome to discuss final arrangements for air exercises by night. The Defence, with everything in the way of light and atmosphere in its favour, but not everything in the way of equipment, seems to have had a hard time

#### In Case.

THE enclosed aeroplane cabin is nothing more than an elaborated suit of clothes. It encases and protects the occupants; it surrounds them, at one more remove than coat and trousers, with a partially thermostatic carapace; it keeps them, as does the house, at relatively even temperature and it wards off wind and rain. So we progress from woad to the Woolworth Building; from fig-leaves to flats and thence to cabin flying-machines. Now the future trend, if this principle is once established, is easily predicted. If it be true, as I think it is, that the house and the cabin are both lines of defence designed to protect the soft, snail-like human body from the assaults of wind and weather, then it will also be true that house and cabin will both undergo development, which will make them still more efficient for their task. In the house we can note that development from day to day. There is central heating; air-conditioning and other means for securing constant conditions in summer and winter. In the aeroplane cabin, likewise, we have temperature control whereby the heat may be kept about the same no matter what the height of the machine. But in the air there is also the matter of pressure.

At present we make the human body, unfitted though it is for the task, adjust itself to varying pressures as the machine climbs and dives. But it should be obvious to the makers of commercial aeroplanes that that is a passing phase. Flesh and blood are too tender to undertake these adjustments except under protest. The aeroplane cabin of the future must be the pressure cabin in which temperature, humidity and pressure are all under control. It must so completely protect its occupants that they will be unable to tell, if they shut their eyes, whether they are in the air or on the ground, at 500 metres or at 7000 metres.

## AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

#### American Advances.

American air line companies, as I have already mentioned, have been experimenting with pressure cabins and propose to put them into service in the near future. Similar experimental work should be started without delay in this country. I suppose we cannot expect it to be done by our air transport companies, for compared with the American ones they are small and unambitious. They have, really, no strong incentive to research work. There is no competitive urge. But that does not absolve the country at large from developing pressure cabins. The work should be done by a Government research station.

The Air Ministry was always anxious to make out that the high-flying experiments which ended in the remarkably fine flights of Squadron Leader F. R. D. Swain and Flight Lieutenant Adam were not done with the idea of establishing international records. The official theory was that they were done for research purposes and that the records were set up incidentally. If that were true, the use of a pressure

suit and not a pressure cabin would have been a mistake. If the high flights are intended primarily to amass useful knowledge, the pressure cabin should have been used no matter how difficult the problems it brings with it. Only if the flights were intended primarily for setting up international records can the use of the pressure suit be excused. Personally, I am glad we did not wait to develop the pressure cabin and took the height record while there was yet time; but I still believe that the pressure cabin must be developed and that the sooner we set about it the better. A week or two ago I mentioned our backwardness in developing the parachute battalion. We are also backward in developing the pressure cabin. These are two lines of research which should be given priority. In addition, our aviation would benefit if we tackled the speed and distance records.

#### "Spectacles."

Time was when there were heated arguments about the stick, the wheel and the "spectacles" for the control of aeroplanes. The old Maurice Farman had the spectacles and I suppose that most of the war-time pilots made their first solos with this form of control; but later it tended to go out of fashion and small machines all had sticks, while large machines had wheels. The idea was that the bigger types demanded more leverage for the operation of the aileron controls and that this extra leverage could only be obtained with the aid of a wheel, much as the steering of a steam-roller has to be done with a wheel which can be wound a great many revolutions in getting from lock to lock. But improvements in the aerodynamic qualities of the control surfaces reduced the effort required to work them, and the need for very low-gear winding devices disappeared.

There remained, however, that feeling that a plain stick was inadequate for a medium-sized or big machine, and so we have a return to the spectacles of Farman days. They are used in the Bristol Blenheim bombers and a great many other machines, including the Heinkel 110, which is a high-speed transport machine which can be converted to a bomber. Most of the twin-engined machines I have flown have had wheel lateral control, but the most manoeuvrable one—I think it was the Boulton and Paul Bourges or Bugle, or else the Avro twin with Dragonfly engines—had a stick. This machine could be looped, rolled and flown upside down. I have not flown any of the new stressed skin, twin-engined machines, so I have no idea how stiff the ailerons are.



THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR'S FLIGHT TO SALISBURY PLAIN

Mr. L. Hore-Belisha snapped about to leave Wilmington Aerodrome, in a machine belonging to the Eastbourne Flying Club and piloted by Mr. O. T. Hazell, the Club instructor, to attend and take the salute at the recent Tidworth Tattoo and later visit the Southern Command. The Secretary for War's recent pronouncement concerning reform in conditions of service in the Army has caused much satisfaction—and may take things a bit farther along a long and difficult road





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## Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 322

Motor vehicles which pass very close to pedestrians who are walking along country roads without pavements and bordered by banks or ditches make it exceedingly unpleasant for them. More courtesy is desirable in this form of passing. A human being should be treated with equal respect whether he is in a vehicle or out of one. A big margin should always be allowed and the speed brought down so that the walker does not get the impression that he has been narrowly missed by a comet. It is a temptation to the inexperienced driver to look upon a pedestrian as occupying a width of carriageway equal only to the width of his shoulders; but, in fact, no car should ever be permitted to pass a pedestrian as close as it may, in suitable circumstances, pass other cars. There should be an extra margin. And, above all, drivers should learn to drop their speed and remain behind—well behind—a pedestrian if another vehicle is approaching and there would otherwise be risk of a squeeze. I think it especially important to give women with perambulators or walking with children an ample margin when driving past them. One more thing; the bigger the vehicle the larger should be the margin. Drivers of eight-wheel lorries ought to show the greatest care when passing pedestrians where there is no foot-path. The recent discussion on the wireless between a motorist, a bicyclist and a pedestrian may have done a bit to clear the air, and it was, no doubt, of much interest to the general public to hear the diverse views of these three classes of users of the public highway.

\* \* \*

## International Trophy.

It is rather late to offer Raymond Mays congratulations upon his win in the Junior Car Club's International Trophy race, but it was such a fine achievement that some recognition of it is absolutely necessary. In his two-litre E.R.A. his average speed was 82.30 m.p.h., and so once again Mays, Humphrey Cook (who suffered infuriating misfortune in the race itself) and Peter Berthon must be congratulated upon the production and successful operation of one of the finest racing cars in the world. And now rumours are flying round about the E.R.A. programme for next year. Certainly it is wise to consolidate and even further to improve the high reputation won by the cars in the past. Already the name E.R.A. means a lot to every enthusiast, and the car is collecting about it that prestige enjoyed by only about four other British cars in history. So once more congratulations to Mays and his partners in a most successful enterprise.

## Polo Notes—continued from p. 314

should have had. General Ricketts places this final punch right on the "point":—

"Sides should be organised on a sound system, and the policy abandoned which continually places Guinness, a natural, thrusting, temperamental No. 3, at back, and allows Hughes, Balding, Roark, Sanford, to mention only a few, to play anywhere between No. 1 and back, within a few days.

"What is needed is a powerful, well-instructed leadership accompanied by an honest, intelligent wish to follow. This would have to be followed up by assistance in the organisation of sides, which would consistently place players in their proper positions, and thus encourage specialists, who, when star performers, would eventually tend to hold their sides together rather than merely bear the burden of play themselves by being personally ubiquitous."

\* \* \*

General Ricketts has also something to say about "playing round the ground." Kicking into touch is quite permissible and often advantageous at rugger, but it is of no value in polo, a game meant to be played up and down the ground and not across it.

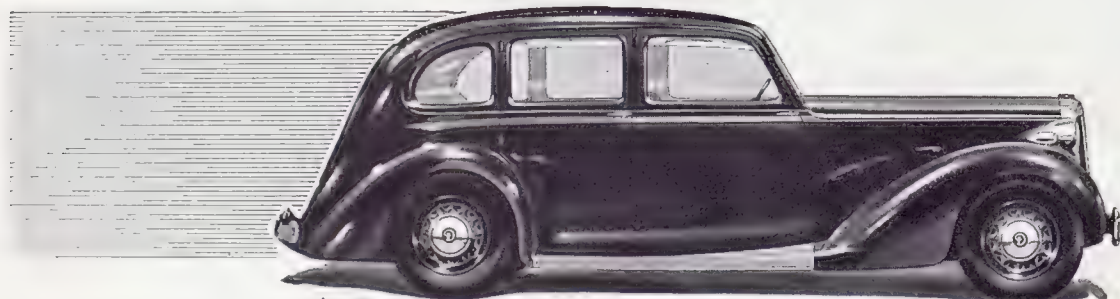
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There was no opportunity before this to congratulate Lord Louis Mountbatten on a lucky let-off in that fall he got when playing in his Adsdean team at Cowdray, where, in spite of his accident, they won the Challenge Cup. Lord Louis Mountbatten is such a pillar of support to this game, and not only in the Navy, that everyone is always glad when any success comes his way. The damaged shoulder is now well on the mend—but it might not have been only a shoulder. Lord Louis hopes to play at Deauville inside of three weeks. I do not wish to be discouraging, but I would lay a shade of odds against this knowing how much more troublesome than broken bones torn muscles can be. It must have been some compensation to the "owner" of the Royal Navy team to win the Invitation Tournament at Ranelagh after some previous disappointments. His original handicap team was a 25 side, but by a miscalculation they had to switch round and his open cup team was only a 21 side, which gave it no show against a side of, say, the Bhopal class. It was a very good game versus Someries House in the Invitation Tournament, and the decision 8—7 was only arrived at after a dead-heat. After the Adsdean No. 1, Mr. J. P. Robinson, tore a riding muscle and had to be replaced by Lord Cowdray, it looked bad, for Someries House are a strong team.



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## Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 312

earlier on in the tournament a succession of doubles and singles being played in such close continuity as would have caused a seasoned campaigner with a star gate value to threaten to scratch if he was asked to perform the same physical feats of endurance.

So it comes to this, there are two things wrong in the present running of the Schoolboys' tournament. Either there should be some process of eliminating rounds, or else the authorities should lengthen the number of days given up to play. Secondly, it's an insult and a scandal to force the boys to play on hard courts when so many of the grass ones were standing empty and idle on the afternoon I visited the club. Such dog-in-the-manger, "anything is good enough for the servants" sort of attitude is, in addition, an extremely short-sighted policy, for it means that many of these boys, remembering their roasting in the Sahara, will shudder in future whenever the word *lawn* tennis is mentioned and make no further effort to gain efficiency in the game.

And that would be a two-fold tragedy. On the one hand it would mean that much promising talent will never come to fruition; on the other it will result in the throwing away of one of the greatest social assets in the world to-day. It's a strange fact, but undoubtedly true, that an ability to hit a white ball over a net with speed and accuracy will often take a young man further in his business career, through obtaining him week-end invitations under the right roof, than the shrewdest knowledge of commercial jargon. And since this is so, surely it is time that headmasters woke up to the fact that it is essential, if their boast that they provide the best sort of up-to-date education, the one, that is to say, most likely to lead a boy up the garden path of success in after life, is to be proved true, that they officially accept lawn tennis as a school game, placing prowess in it on an equal pedestal of hero worship as keeping a straight back at cricket or collaring low on the rugger field. Lots of Heads imagine that they take up a very enlightened line on the subject when

they give permission for their boys to enter for the tournament at Queen's as the official representatives of their school. But what happens? The boys concerned only find to their chagrin that their untutored styles and their lack of practice are hopeless handicaps when the day of the contest arrives. The truth is, you cannot become even a promising exponent of a game simply by playing it on the afternoons when your presence for some reason is not required on the cricket field; the attitude still adopted in so many schools.

There are some exceptions, of course. Stowe is one of them. Eton another, where that once successful tournament player, Mr. George Stoddart, has at present an appointment as official tennis coach. I hope I shall see the day when there isn't a public school in England which hasn't a similar coach of an equal standing. It is quite ridiculous for headmasters to pretend that they cannot afford such a luxury. They could pay for the services of half a dozen such coaches during the summer term without feeling the draught. Especially when you remember the extremely poor fees that the average professional receives. I am not thinking now of an expert teacher like Mrs. Lambeth Chambers or Mrs. Larcombe, or, again, Mr. Stoddart, but of the young men who take up tennis as a profession as others take up league football. Even those who obtain all-the-year-round appointments in a London club of good standing are fortunate if they average, with their tips, more than £300 a year. That's not very much out of which to save for the day when you can no longer stand the strain of hour after hour shifting a ball over the net for a beginner or an enthusiast to practise their strokes. And when you read the results of the annual professional tournament held at Eastbourne last week, I don't suppose you wondered what sort of financial security the players who once more struggled in vain to wrest the title from Maskell have attained through their ability to hit that same white ball over the net considerably better than the majority of amateurs. With one or two exceptions they get so much less cash for that skill than do those who profess to despise all who play games for financial gain.



MR. GREGORY STROUD

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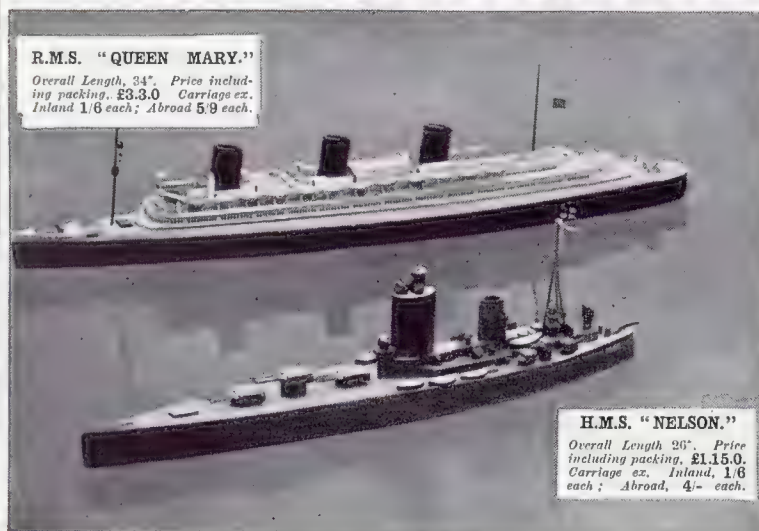
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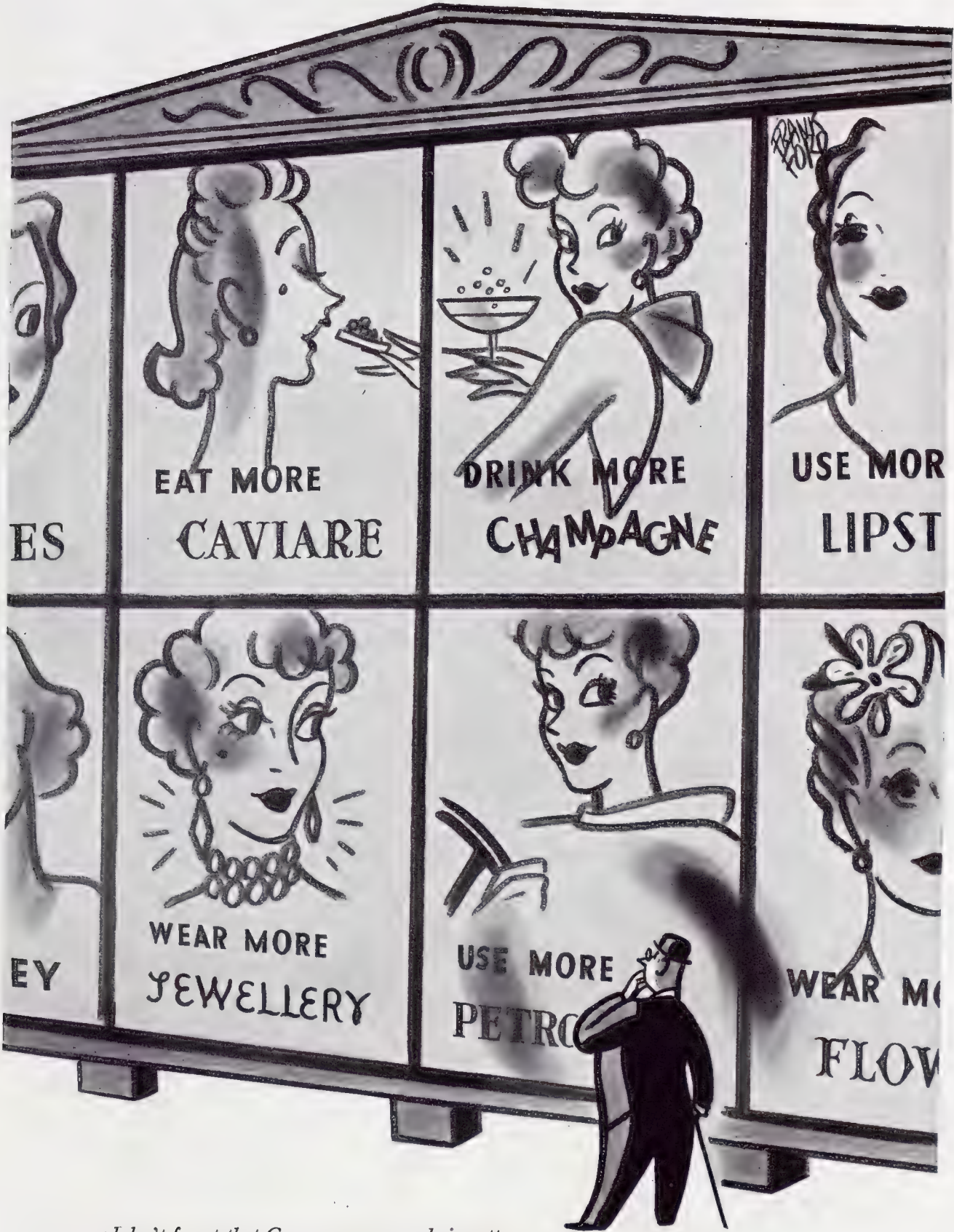


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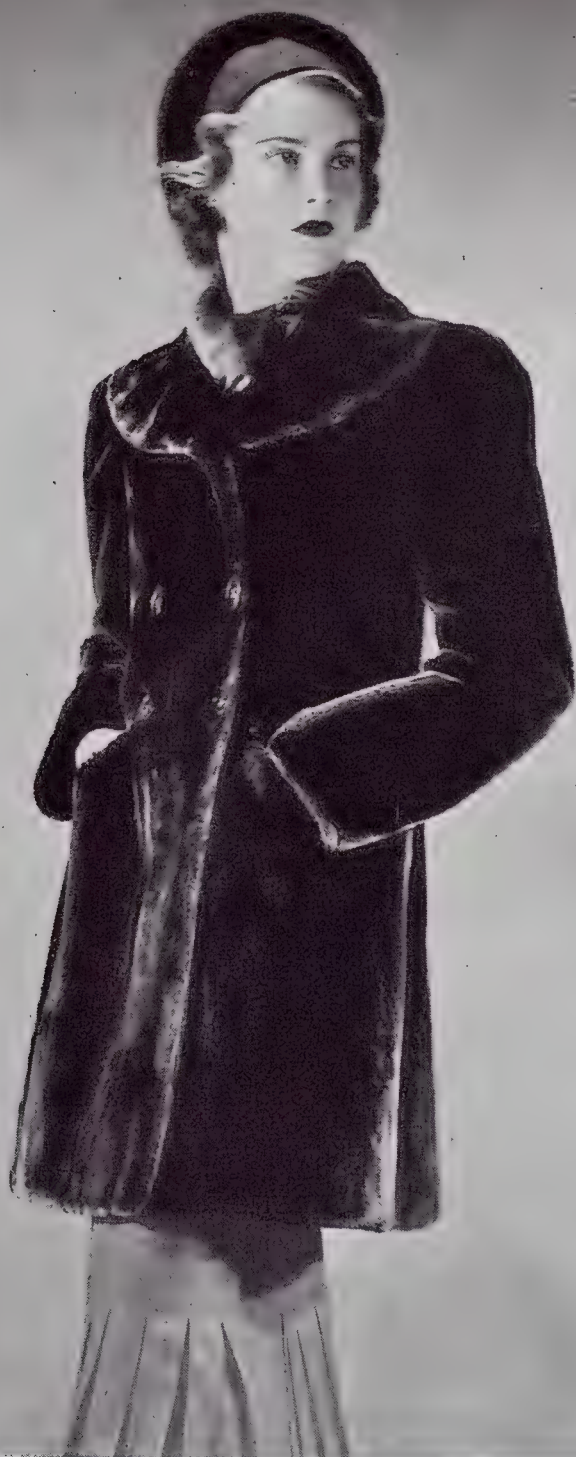
By  
*M. E. Brooke*

THE curtains have risen on the autumn fashion displays and it is seen that no pains have been spared in creating house suits with their striking use of colour contrasts; there are two-, three- and even four-colour schemes. To Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, must be given the credit of the models pictured on this page. The suit on the left consists of black satin trousers and a coat which is a study in exquisite autumn shades; it is 59s. 6d. The model on the right is 69s. 6d.; it is also of fancy crêpe, lovely tones of blue, pink and lilac being present in the design. For this price there are likewise crushed velvet dressing-gowns, while black velvet wrappers with coloured collars and cuffs are 59s. 6d. Scotch wool man-tailored dressing-gowns are sure of a warm welcome from women who feel the cold; furthermore, they are perfect travelling companions

Picture by Blake







*Bradleys*

*Summer Prices  
for Furs*

**END ON SEPTEMBER 4**

NOW is the profitable time to buy your furs for the coming season. Being creators of model furs, Bradleys have a large collection of advance designs for 1937-8 ready, and for another two weeks—until Saturday, September 4—will copy them to order in their own workrooms at very special prices. Two models from the collection are illustrated—a youthful knee-length coat in brown dyed Alaska Seal and a smart jacket in Natural Mink.

BRADLEYS, CHEPSTOW PLACE, W.2

*for the finest values in fine furs*





# The FORWARD MOVEMENT



A TOUCH of autumn is in the hats portrayed on this page; they are endowed with the up-to-the-minute forward movement about which all Paris is talking. They may be seen in Harrods' salons in Knightsbridge, and so may the lovely silver fox furs. Velvet and silver fox share honours in the cap-beret on the left, while it is felt that makes the affair on the right with its upstanding brim; this has a strange but nevertheless welcome knack of casting becoming shadows across the face. Velvet has been used for the decidedly "forward movement" model at the base of the page, and although it looks as though the merest zephyr would blow it away it really is firmly lodged on the head. It is never seen to greater advantage than when the fabricating medium takes unto itself the new Romany tint, which is a cross between rust and burnt sienna and looks delightful with black



Pictures by Blake



# Marshall & Snelgrove's announce the new collection of . . . EVENING GOWNS

Many suggestions for hotel wear and new styles to enliven the holiday wardrobe now being displayed in our Inexpensive Gown Salon, first floor, where no garment is priced higher than seven guineas.



**T**HIS soft and lovely metal cloqué lends itself to a graceful evening gown. The fold, which starts from a gathered bodice trimmed with tiny bows, is carried round to the back and is slightly stiffened. Name "Rita."

Price 7 gns.

Colours : Black, White, Green, Iris and Wine

**T**HE silver embroidery is a distinctive feature of this smart gown. The useful high back makes it equally attractive for dinner or evening wear.

Price 7 gns.

Colours : Black, Iris, Blue Pine, Chestnut, Souris.

Sizes : 38, 40, 42 and 43 hips.

INEXPENSIVE GOWNS FIRST FLOOR.

**MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE**  
OXFORD STREET  
W.1.





## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS HONOR LUCAS

The youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Lucas, of Bramblehurst, East Grinstead, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Cedric Marsden, of N-ville Court, W.8, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Marsden

Miss A. P. Jenner, of Hereford, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Uganda, on October 9.

## Recent Engagements.

Dr. Robert Mason Bolam, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Bolam, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Elizabeth May, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sadleir, Sacramento, California; Captain P. D. Weir, Royal Artillery, third son of the late Mr. John Weir, and of Mrs. Weir, of Bedford, and Penelope Boothby Talbot, younger daughter of the Rev. J. Talbot and Mrs. Godfrey, of Sunbury-on-Thames; Mr. H. Glyn, youngest son of the late Mr. Maurice Glyn, of Albury Hall, Hertfordshire, and the Hon. Mrs. Glyn, of Albert Hall Mansions, and Caroline, youngest daughter of Mr. W. P. Bull, K.C., of Lorne Hall, Rosedale, Toronto, and Eaton Place, S.W.1, and the

## Weddings Abroad.

Mr. E. H. C. Luckham, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Luckham, will marry Edel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Braune, at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi, on the 23rd of this month, and Mr. Cyril Gordon Reeves will marry Miss Cecily Hamilton Smith, of Hythe, Kent, at Colombo on September 11; and in October Mr. I. MacEwen and Miss Penelope Freeman Jackson will be married in Bangkok, Siam. The Rev. C. E. C. Markby, of Hoima, Uganda, will marry



MRS. BRIAN ROBB

Mrs. Robb was formerly Miss Barbara Anne, and is the only daughter of Major George Anne. She married Mr. Brian Robb in the private chapel at Burghwallis Hall, Doncaster, on the 21st of last month

late Mrs. Bull; Mr. R. Fulford, only surviving son of the late Canon F. J. Fulford, and Mrs. Fulford, of Exmouth, and Sibell, widow of the Rev. the Hon. Charles F. Lyttleton, M.C., and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Adeane, of Babraham, Cambridge; Mr. P. J. H. Stanley, only son of the Rev. S. M. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, of The Rectory, Stapleford Tawney, Essex, and Felicity Anne, elder daughter of Sir John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., and Lady Stewart-Wallace, of The Pad-dock House, Gerrards Cross; Mr. H. B. Hudson, 15th Punjab Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hudson, of Herefordshire, and Barbara Elaine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Booth, of Yorkshire; Mr. F. L. Gwynne-Evans, younger son of Sir Evan and Lady Gwynne-Evans, of Oaklands Park, Newnham-on-Severn, and Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. J. Fforde Tipping, of Christchurch, New Zealand; Mr. J. Berger, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Berger, of Hythe, Kent, and Alison, only daughter of Sir Harley and Lady Dalrymple Hay, of The Grey House, Folkestone; Mr. J. W. R. Madden, Irish Guards, of Hilton Park, Clones, Ireland, elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. W. Madden, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Madden, The Old Rectory, Staunton-on-Wye, and Nita, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. Seymour Mellor, of Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7.



MISS MURIEL WEISS

Who is to marry Mr. Mellard Frost, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Frost, of Oak Knoll, Esher. Miss Weiss is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Weiss, of Little Esher Place, Surrey.

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



EMIGRANT OF SILVERLANDS

The property of Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson

untiringly for the Association, and never spared herself, even when she was ill. She will be much missed both for her unrivalled knowledge of Canine matters and also for her personality. We all hope that should her health improve she will come back to us. As Lady Howe wished her resignation to take place at once Baroness Burton was elected Chairman and Lady Kathleen Pillington, so long our Chairman, most kindly consented to act as Vice-Chairman till our next meeting in October. The Association could not be in better hands, both these ladies knowing the working of the Association inside out.

The Alsatian, after his sensational rise to fame, has settled down among us as one of the most-popular dogs. Alsations are extremely brainy dogs, and, like all brainy things, want to be educated when young. A properly brought up Alsatian is a delightful dog as a companion. Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson owns a well-known and successful kennel of Alsations. She has bred many winners. She sends a photograph of one of them, Emigrant of Silverlands. She also sends the following note: "There is some very promising young stock coming on in the kennels, some of which will be ready to be shown in the autumn. These are by Ch. Roland of Coulmony and Emigrant of Silverlands. There are several puppies for sale, suitable either for show or as companions." Mrs. Berdoe-Wilkinson is always pleased for

visitors to see her dogs by appointment at her home near Chertsey.

Miss Street's kennel of Cocker is well known, but a couple of years ago she fell a victim to the charms of the Deerhound, and now has a couple. She finds, like all people do, that Deerhounds make perfect companions, affectionate, dignified and always a joy to look at. She sends a photograph of her first Deerhound, Ranza. Ranza has done well at Shows and is the winner of one certificate. She is a beautiful hound, full of quality, bred by Miss Hartley. She is still faithful to Cocker and writes as follows: "I have one really nice blue roan bitch for sale, lovely quality and up to Championship form, on the small side. She is eight months old, inoculated and house trained, a really charming little person, very affectionate and obedient. Can be seen in London by appointment."



COPPELSTONE RANZA

The property of Miss Street




DACHSHUND PUPPIES

The property of Miss Ursula Bruce  
viii

The Dachshund continues his victorious career. He certainly is a most attractive dog, full of character and a sportsman all through, but in spite of that he makes a specially good house dog, as his coat is so clean and he thoroughly enjoys home life. Miss Ursula Bruce has a small but very good kennel of Dachshunds at Glenernie, near Forres. Living in the North of Scotland she cannot attend many shows, but she has done well at Scottish Shows. She has a very nice litter of Dachshunds for sale, both black and tans and reds, ready to leave for new homes now. Miss Bruce would be delighted to show them to people travelling in Scotland and staying at Nairn or any other neighbouring place.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.





# CAPSTAN SHANTIES XVIII

I've seen a young mermaid a-combing her locks  
And a sea-serpent bigger than Old Harry Rocks  
*(Believe me, boys, believe me).*

I've seen a ghost ship with a skeleton crew,  
And islands that floated and fishes that flew  
*(Believe me if you can).*

Oh, sailormen's tales are well known to be tall,  
And the fellow's a fool who believes in them all:  
But here's an old saying that's true to the letter —  
Better buy Capstan — they're blended better.

Written by their  
Ballad-Monger-in-Ordinary  
and issued by

**W. D. & H. O. Wills**  
MAKERS OF CAPSTAN CIGARETTES



# GOOD NEWS

## So Disfiguring.

Surely beauty has no greater handicap than superfluous hair, for this is a blemish which makes women very sensitive. Adelaide Grey, 27, Old Bond Street, is responsible for a safe and reliable method of removing hair from the face; it is known by the name of "Laleek" Wax-a-Way. It is simple to use, is guaranteed absolutely harmless, and definitely weakens the growth. An outfit which lasts quite a long time is only three shillings and sixpence, with full instructions regarding its use. And, of course, you must ask her to send her interesting brochure entitled "Madame and Eve," for which there is no charge. The Laleek beauty preparations have passed the censorship of members of the medical profession; they are specially suitable for use in hot climates.

## Beautiful Eyelashes.

The importance of beautiful eyelashes cannot be overstressed, and as an asset to beauty they have few equals. Therefore attention must be drawn to Laleek Longlash, included in Adelaide Grey's aids to beauty. It really is a Cream Mascara and provides a simple, nevertheless successful, treatment for beautifying the eyes; it is merely a shilling, in an unbreakable container that occupies little space in the handbag. At this date in the calendar spots, pimples or irritation marks caused by inflammation are very prevalent; therefore it is capital news that there is a Laleek Clearing Lotion (2s.) which removes the same. Furthermore, it closes enlarged pores in a dry skin and is an admirable antiseptic.



One of life's worries is superfluous hair on the face. It is an unfortunate blemish that may easily be removed with the aid of "Laleek" (Adelaide Grey's) Wax-a-Way, while Hair-Away conquers hair on the arms and legs. The beauty of the eyes is enhanced by Longlash and Cream Mascara

## Graceful Slimming.

Taking thought for one's diet is always a troublesome matter; therefore, when superfluous tissue appears, it is quite a simple matter to persuade it to pass away with external applications. Redex is not new, having acquired for itself a particularly enviable reputation; it is applied externally, is guaranteed absolutely harmless and is approved by physicians. Among its manifold advantages are that it can be applied to sensitive parts of the body, and reduces excess flesh merely where it is applied. It must be rubbed into the skin gently for a few minutes a day, and in seven to ten days the results begin to show. Women always resent what is sometimes called the dowager's hump at the "nape" of the neck; as there is nothing more ageing; it passes away into the limbo of things forgotten when Redex is used. Arms that are unpleasantly fat from the shoulders to the elbow become slender when treated with this reducer.

## "Flowerlights" for Decoration.

Colour, flowers, lights and a little imagination will do great things to a room. A red satin table cloth, white flowers, and shining silver can look perfectly lovely for a special occasion. Light the table into loveliness with coloured Venetian candles and the rest of the room retreats into a dim harmonious twilight. Flowers and lights put a pattern on the table. Candlelight by its subtle flattery, is always "good."

A new and attractive idea comes from Price's, the candle people—"Flowerlights"—slim, taper-like candles which can be arranged amongst flowers. There are seven attractive colours. They can be arranged at any angle and are full of decorative possibilities.

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Here's beauty for you as well as chic, in this new Vogue Double Number. Here's Vogue's complete, separate magazine, dealing with nothing but beauty. Here's Vogue's autumn fashion forecast—the only authoritative preview of the mode published as early as August. Read them both now, while you have leisure to study and make plans. But don't be leisurely about buying them—last August this double number sold out in a few days.



... brings cables about the mode, rushed from Vogue's editors in Paris. Deals with significant tendencies in silhouette, fabric, colour. Shows the new hats. Presents the fur story in full detail. Illustrates the actual models that smart and important Parisians have bought. It snaps well-known Londoners on holiday. And it concludes with nine pages of "Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes" that cater for the business girl, the amateur dressmaker, and everyone who wants to bridge the seasons with economy and with chic. Study the mode early and you'll buy wisely. Get this number to-day.

Suddenly, Beauty is a science more than an art. You must know why, as well as how, before you begin. Vogue Beauty Book helps you achieve this. Tells about scientific treatments for skin, hair, face, feet ... about eating to stay slim or to fatten ... and about fundamentals of make-up in four stages of actual colour showing the new natural technique.

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## "In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

Ask a man about hotels, and some old prejudice will emerge. In some cases, it will take the form of excessive praise, in others of excessive condemnation. Nothing is more hostile to the truth; nothing less conducive to the questioner's comfort. Mr. Courtenay in his weekly articles in "THE SPHERE" has declared war on this attitude and he writes on hotels, inns and guest-houses all over the country—as he finds them. For unvarnished criticism and

disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next holiday, next week-end or next winter. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because, like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stone in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb line of appreciation.

## A weekly feature in THE SPHERE

Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls—Every Friday—One Shilling.

"Let's Halt  
Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol. 1—Kent, Surrey and Sussex. Vol. 2—Devon and Cornwall. Obtainable through your usual bookseller, or 1/3 each post free from Ashley Courtenay Ltd., 68 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1



*Margaret Barry* is no friend of the overstocked wardrobe. She has no patience with the theory that the truly smart woman is one who possesses an enormous diversity of expensive (but often inappropriate) garments: since tact and simplicity, she believes, form the basis of style. Each garment should be appropriate to its particular purpose. This month, when the thoughts of every well-dressed woman are turning towards tweeds, Margaret Barry is showing a collection of fascinating tweed suits, exquisite in outline and distinguished in detail: thick tweeds in heathery mixtures for moorland wear, and thinner, lighter materials for less informal occasions. Then, for dinner-time, she has her long-skirted evening suits—the exact equivalent of a man's soft - shirt - and - black - tie.







Tattoo Ltd

4/6  
REFILLS 3/6

## NEW TATTOO FOR DEWY LIPS!

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At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters everywhere you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new dewiness!

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## GERMANY

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**Baden-Baden.**—Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large park, close Casino. Pension terms RM. 11 up. Personal management: H. A. Rössler

**Baden-Baden.**—Hotel Stadt Straßburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

**Bad Kissingen.**—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

**Bad Kissingen.**—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park.

**Bad Nauheim.**—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Sited directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

**Bad Nauheim.**—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

**Bad Nauheim.**—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—1st-class Family Hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kur-Park opp. Baths & Springs.

**Bad Nauheim.**—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

**Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

**Cologne.**—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cath. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. RM. 4, lav. & toil. fr. RM. 6, pr. bath fr. RM. 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

**Cologne.**—Schweizerhof, Victoriastrasse 11.—100 beds, all mod. comft., gar., cent., quiet sit., home fr. home. Incl. tms. fr. RM. 7. Man. P. Prenzel.

## GERMANY—continued.

**Düsseldorf.**—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

**Freiburg.**—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class: 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

**Garmisch.**—Bavarian Alps.—Sonnenbühl.—Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

**Hanover.**—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

**Heidelberg.**—Hotel Europe.—First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM. 5.

**Leipzig.**—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Coun. of Com.

**Munich.**—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Munich.**—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

**Munich.**—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First-class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New garage in hotel.

**Sasbachwalden, Black Forest.**—Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house designed for the few-priv. swim. pl. R.A.C., N.T.C. htl.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rnd finest position opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc'y. Pens. fr. 12 Mk.

**Wiesbaden.**—Palast Hotel.—1st-class hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath establishment. Pension from RM. 10.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc'y. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons).—Select home of Society. Best postn opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12.

## ITALY

**Cortina, Lake Maggiore.**—Regina Palace Hotel.—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

## SWITZERLAND

**Guntten.**—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full sth. on Lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Ten. Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.

**Lausanne.**—Victoria Hotel.—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

**Lucerne.**—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing Lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13.

**Lucerne.**—Carlton Hotel.—1st Class English house. Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

**Lucerne.**—The National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

**Lugano (Southern Switzerland) Grand Hotel Palace.**—Finest sit. dir'tly on lake-prom., quiet yet central; open-air rest'ant, large park, tennis.

**Montreux.**—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fac. lake. Mod. Comfort. Golf. Tennis. Lge. Pk. Gar. Beh.

**Thun.**—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park. Tennis. Swimming and Golf.

**Wengen.**—Palace.—The leading Hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs. 14.50. F. Bortor Propr.

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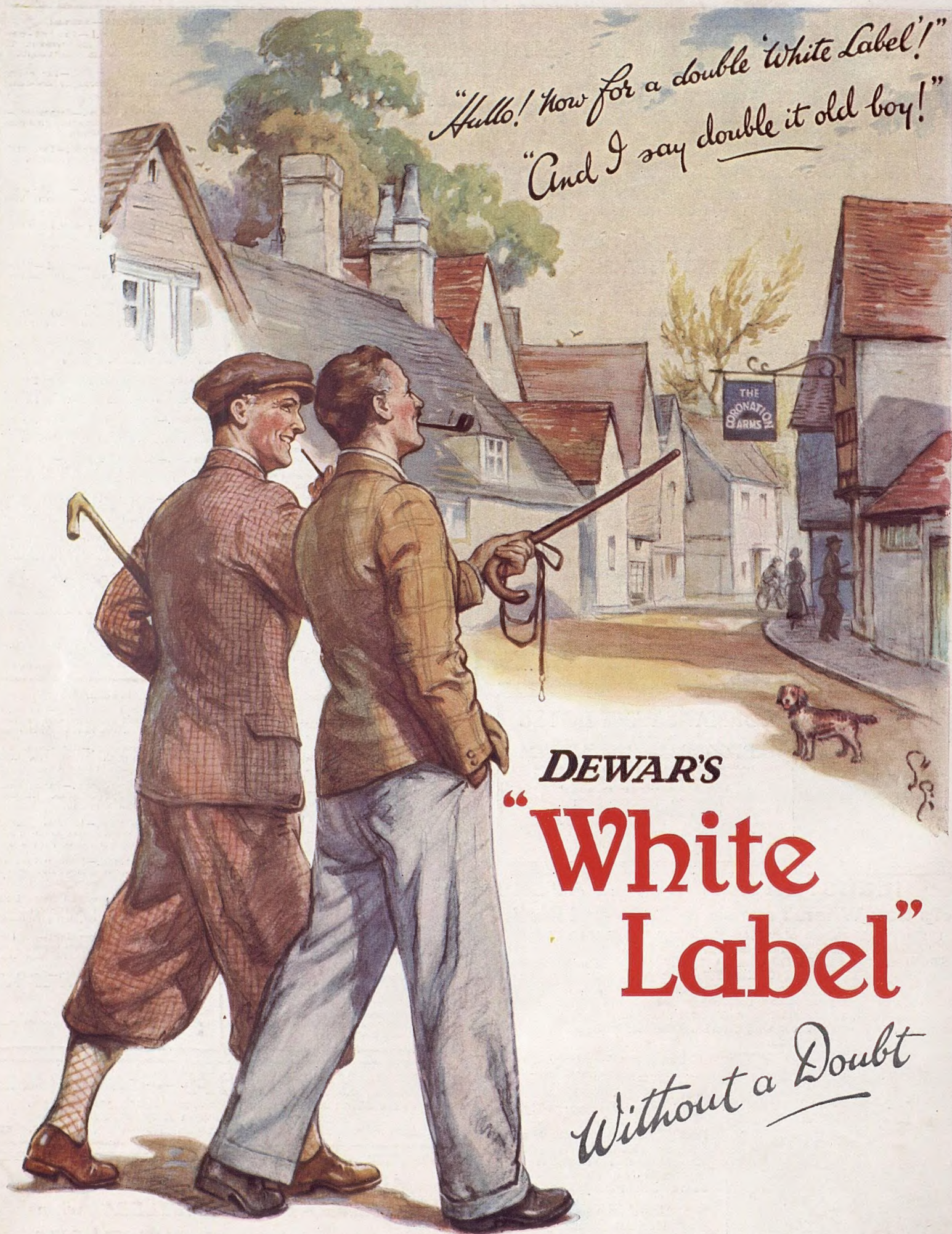
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